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REMARKS

ON THE

WRITINGS and CONDUCT

OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking favour: so doth a little folly, him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.

SOLOMON.

-----on n'a jamais oui dire qu'un peintre, qui expose en public un tableau, soit obligé de visiter les yeux des spectateurs, et de fournir des lunettes à tous ceux qui en ont besoin.

LETTRE. à MR. GRIM.

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MDCCCLXVII.



E R R A T A.

P. 4, l. 16, for *region* read *legion*. P. 27, l. 15, after *life* put *sprang*. P. 39, note, l. 5, for *set* read *et*. P. 41, line 2, read *pit*. P. 46, note 1, l. 6, read *doctrine*. *Ibid.* note 2, l. 4, read *adhering*. P. 50, note, l. 5, read *lives* for *lifes*. P. 81, l. 1 of note 2, instead of *their*, read *the*. P. 111, l. 4, dele interrogation. P. 113, note, l. 4, read *qu'à* for *qui à*.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

READER, who by chance (for to his accidental majesty I consecrate this book) dost happen to light on these leaves, misconstrue not to pedagogic rage or lust of truth my motive for leading thee this ramble.—

And first—because it has been decided by the voice of the world, “That truth is “not to be told.”—Throw a glance on society—open the annals of time—Truth has been—and is—the destroyer of peace—and the parent of revolution—

b

And

P R E F A C E.

And will be so—for this plain reason—because it is of epidemic nature—because a man cannot see, or fancy to see its most transient spark—but with dog-star rage he will pursue it through thick and thin---sink the mob at his heels in the quagmires which the jack-a-lanthorn dances o'er,---or at their head break thro' all the barricades of power, nets of politics, and cobwebs of speculation---tear the cordage of interest---nay, spare not even the silken ties of temper and affection, to come at it.

Had it not---to give a few *modern* instances---had it not been for these paroxysms of his, could *Luther* have indulged himself quietly in the fat luxury of a convent—*Leon*'s golden age of literature and taste had not been overrun by the armies of Fanaticism; *Charles*, *Philip*, and *Alba*, had not turned

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turned their red-hot furies loose on *Europe*; the bells of *Bartholomew's* night had not been rung; *Smithfield*, *Merindol*, *Cabrieres*, and *Thoulouse*, would not have blazed; the *Henrys*, the *Louis'*, the *****, would not have been stabbed — abominated — expelled; no *Holy Tribunal* would smother the howlings of humanity — nor earthquakes shake a throne; Truth — the wretched victim itself — had not been torn to tatters under the hands of its defenders; — the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost — the Virgin — and their host of black, white, and grey — had not been darted upon *Luther* — *Luther* had not damned *Zwingli* — *Calvin* had not burnt *Servet* — a Bishop might have signified something above a paper mitre — no sneaking, praying, psalm-singing, scripture-expounding villain would have been called a dissenter — the

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Moravians would not have adored their ass in the dark—no spirit had whipt into a maid's head—the Quakers would not work their damnation with fear and trembling—in short—we might all be of one mind—jolly fellows—and peaceably enjoy each our *rib of the word made flesh*,—as Boccaccio says.—

The horrid outlines of so petty an article in the catalogue of truth as Luther—and its length of appendages—force me to skip the rest—how it is owing to the same itch of propagating truth, that America is made a slaughter-house—and Africa a stable—; how, from the same pruriency of tongue, to call each thing by its own name, quarrels brutalize the mob, and duels mangle the breast of urbanity---; whilst prying---hag-eyed Curiosity---bids Infamy blow the

P R E F A C E.

the trumpet of Fame, pierces the sanctuaries of power---drags their hobby-horses into light---and on your *Greves*, *Terreaux*, and *Tyburns* racks, burns, hangs, and smashes the bones of every government, society, and police under the moon.

If from these remarks it follows evidently, that truth ought not to be told in civil matters---it may be presumed, that it can be of little use in speculation ---for such I take *now* to be, what is commonly called *moral truth*.---Dive from the turnkeys of state---the nobles that demand what right God has to be God---the chaplains that *anthem* the “*thing*,”---down to the mugflush’d crews of the news-flag, or the frantic clubs of clerks and ’prentices destined for a fly-sh--t mouth at Juliet’s balcony---dive---and

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tell me---what are the ravings of nature to the politician? the virulence of morality to the herds of pleasure? what to the man of business the implacability of duty?---Cursed marplots they are---and long ago have been kicked out of all good company.---Their ha-ha's yawn so ghastly upon ye, they force upon your eye and mind, perspectives, consequences, proportions, so absurd, that nobody truly in love with himself, ever wishes to see or to compare them.---You must indeed know very little of the *pilatism* of our days to usher them to the world! Enter any office---shop, stall---produce your scheme, drug, book, and provided it be not quackery, palliative, sophism---I'll be shot, if not all their *honest* owners with more or less contempt, just as you advance east or westward---will, with *Clarence's* murderer,

whisper

P E E F A C E.

whisper ye, " *Truth! it beggars any man
that keeps it; and if you mean to thrive
well, endeavour to trust to yourself, and
live without it.*"

By this time--that is to say, if the preface, as it was written, is read last--the reader will do me the justice to believe me innocent of the following sheets -- of maxims--the antipodes of those which I have laid before him in this prefatory chapter. — They are the effusions of a gentleman now on his travels---and were committed to my care as the editor only.---It was neither in my power to refuse them, nor is it to give the reader a satisfactory reason for publishing, what I think exceptionable :-- let it suffice to say, that I made use of every dissuasive argument to my friend-- the dreadful consequences of indiscreet truth--sup-

P R E F A C E.

posing even the paradoxes of Rousseau to be such---their revolting air---the fate of the *author*---the surfeit of the public---the ridicule of impotence exhibited to *review* --- the odiousness of personal reflections.---To all this I received the answers of an author.---I was allowed to dissent, provided I would publish; and to oblige my friend, undertook to turn him upon the town---on condition, however, that the *friend* should not smother the impartial man, nor the *editor* bribe the judge :---that I should be entitled to prefix to his ramble a kind of vindictory preface, and the following fragment of a letter written to him in remonstrance against his enterprize.

—“ Why, my friend, would you
“ tear the ties of observance to that
“ state and church whose member you
“ are ?

P R E F A C E.

“ are ?---I am mistaken, if some right
“ reverend prelate will not pronounce
“ the publisher of religious doubts, and
“ the author who from the mountain
“ was pulled down on miracles, a *Free-*
“ *thinker* and *Unbeliever*.---I am wrong,
“ if Dr. *Brown*, (who dared to oppose
“ Mr. *Hume*, and died) should he return,
“ ---or any political writer, “ yet lin-
“ gering on the brink of hell,” would
“ not start the poison of anarchy and
“ high treason in the distinguisher of
“ sovereign and government, or that of
“ punishable boldness in the derider of
“ representative liberty*; not to speak
“ of those passages, where he denies the
“ English

* The English think themselves free :---they are
mistaken—their liberty is confined to their time
of elections; that period elapsed, they are slaves,
they are nothing. Contr. Social. Chap. xv. du
Livr. ii.

P R E F A C E.

“ English their right to the title of a
“ good-natured people * , and even of
“ man † ; damns their premiums, and
“ encouragements of agriculture ‡ ;
“ wantonly calls them children that fro-
“ lick in the idea of eating a vast deal
“ of sugar, when men ; reflects on § the
“ refinements

* I know that the English brag of their humanity ; that they call themselves “ good-natured people”—but let them cry themselves hoarse with it—no-body will ever repeat it after them. Emile I. ii. 430. Not.

† An Englishman is happy not to be obliged to be a man.

‡ There are, they say, premiums of agriculture in England ; enough—: that alone proves to me the rapidity of its decay. Emile v. 412. See *Projet de Paix*—as if encouraging presupposed always low spirits !—as if agriculture could not flourish unless *Cato* sow, and *Cincinnatus* guide the plough.—

§ “ Parlant de l'état actuel des Anglois, Ils res-
“ semblent, dit il, aux enfans, qui disent, quand
“ je serai grand, je mangerai bien du sucre.”
M. S. on R. 1.

P R E F A C E.

“ refinements of rank, and the exalted
“ elegance of thought of our nobility, in
“ the ravings of that phantaſtic *Edward*,
“ whose primitive notions ought to be
“ dated from the days when Jupiter was
“ wrapt up in horse-dung. What melan-
“ choly rancour could suggest to him
“ the ill-natured remark, that England
“ deserves to lose her liberty for the
“ manner of her elections * :---as if an
“ honest tar might not be allowed to
“ boil his leg of mutton in red wine, or
“ a deserving clergyman make use of
“ his vote to fish a living!—May I ad-
“ mire that chaos of pickles, *J. Man-*
“ *deville*,—or those children of chance
“ which, from a sudden shock of print-
“ ing types, jumped into light, and
“ were

* Dans les courts momens de sa liberté, l'usage
qu'il—en fait mérite bien qu'il la perde. Contr.
Soc. l. ii. c. xi.

P R E F A C E.

" were called *Memoirs*—; if there is
" one of all those subtle investigators
" of nature styled novellists, who shall not
" start in his *Heloisa* more childish, un-
" couth simplicity, more elvish-mark'd,
" absurd, excentric characters, more
" chasms of subject, incident, and plot,
" ---in half an hour---than the boars of
" any village in *Provence* can root up
" truffles in a day.———Has he not dis-
" puted on self-murther ?*—Has he not
" blasphemed man into a being natu-
" rally good? Has he not, to the abhor-
" rence of every good schoolmaster, af-
" firmed, that the idea of God can have no

* An eminent philosopher is said to have ridiculed the horrors of suicide, by showing that it is neither more nor less—than giving a different turn to—or stopping the circulation of blood—an action very indifferent in itself. It must be owned that the reasons for and against, have been discussed with some difference, by Rousseau.

P R E F A C E.

“ meaning for a boy of ten years ; that
“ to him Heaven is a basket of sweet-
“ meats, and Hell--a school ?---Does he
“ care for original sin ? he, who despises
“ the eternity of hell pains * ;--and
“ though living upon the immortality of
“ the soul, yet thinks it not geometri-
“ cally + demonstrable ? If he seems to
“ allow of a free determination of the
“ will ‡, he thinks of the interventions
“ of private Providence, as of the dis-
“ eased patchwork of a Geneva watch||.
“ ---And is a man guilty of this enor-
“ mous lump of *errors*, or *worse*--to be
“ defended, and his pernicious maxims
“ to be scattered abroad by you---who
“ imbibed religion, and constitutional
“ sentiments, with your mother-milk?”--

* Lettre à Mr. de Voltaire, page 146. Oeuvr. tom. v.

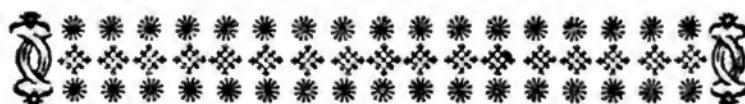
† Ibid.

‡ Nouv. Héloïse, vol. iv. l. xviii. p. 203.—&c.

|| Lettr à Mr. de Volt. pag. 145.

— Ne superciliosus sperne quæ
ingenuis veritas probavit — Neve
hallucinatoris tamquam somnia, derideas
quorum capita tantum, leniter perstrin-
gendo, operis ipsius desiderio te inflami-
mare cupimus — liberiora quæ-
dam dicta sunt --- noris -- virtutem quan-
doque lascivire, hominem que bonum, si
idem musis libaverit, audacius debac-
chantem (cum, qualis excutiatur Apollo
non suæ sit potestatis) bonis eo facilius
excusatum iri, cum, quæcunque talis en-
thusiasmus effuderit, virtute dictata, pro
ipsa dicta sint.

Calvin. M. S. de Difſent. Toler.



C H A P. I.

THE motives which produced the following remarks on the writings and conduct of John James Rousseau, are gratitude, humanity, indignation.

If to give instruction grace, is the great duty of genius, Rousseau has done his--

If the first object of man is man— if his nature has such titles as not to know endangers and dishonours, 'tis supine brutality to slight them, to mistake the spurious for the genuine---Humanity is your great prerogative---then whether

whether you sway society, or guide the plough, whether you scatter passions round ye, or anatomise the prism of a moth—whether you write a book or read one—be humane.

If truth is called error, and argument a dream ; if Vice mobs Virtue, and Quackery pins her mantle to the back of Simplicity—indignation is merit.

*On the INFLUENCE of the SCIENCES and ARTS on MANNERS. **

In the review of Rousseau's opinions on this subject, it may be proper, on account

* Discours qui à remporté le prix à l'académie de Dijon en l'année, 1750. sur cette question proposée par la même acad. " Si le rétablissement des sciences & des arts a contribué à épurer les mœurs."

account of the prejudices occasioned partly by the confusion of his adversaries, and partly by his diction, † to begin with what he said not.

He distinguished, what your philosophers never dream of, science from the sciences ; he said not that science, considered abstractly, is an evil, nor even, with regard to man, absolutely pro-

† Speculation seldom yields the thunder of eloquence, and scorns to dress an argument in roses.—the admiration with which the mighty style of this discourse struck the public—shows with what difference some remote branch of science, and subjects that interest the heart, should be treated. To those who attempt this, you might give *Roscommon's* rule of composition inverse : “ Sketch with phlegm and execute with fire ;” and those whose eloquence does the honours of truth, who hang it out as hypocrites do virtue, would have been less forward in attacking, had they known that magnificence of diction was here less than the armour of the hero.

productive of vice ; he did not establish ignorance as a positive standard of virtue, or affirm its incompatibility with vice ; he said not that in our present state of society the sciences and arts were to be proscribed ; that phantom of virtue to be destroyed which philosophy now and then calls forth ; or that urbanity of manners to be rusticated which the arts insinuate :—This by his antagonists, the good meaning *Stanislaus*, who, because he was an exception, could not see the rule, by the pedant *Gautier*, by a *Picardy-back* who forged his name upon the academy of Dijon, one Mr. *Borde*, *Voltaire*, and a region of literary grubs —was forced upon him—attacked, and demolished.

He said on the contrary — that science or truth methodized — is the attribute of

of God ;— that to investigate the nature of things with the mind of such cosmopolites as *Socrates* and *Newton*—is the sublimest characteristick of man—as the arts, directed to the ends nature meant them for, are the joys, the comfort of life ; he said that there is a brutal ignorance as destructive to the morals of mankind as ignominious to human genius ; he said that in the present state of society, princes could not be too much exhorted, or nations too much encouraged to maintain, by the most assiduous application to the sciences, the authority of that vicegerent of Virtue, Decency — which obliges a villain to creep into a rogue :— that it is their interest by the most industrious culture of the arts, to keep those flowers from fading, that hide the chains with which

inequality and despotism have shackled the limbs of Slavery.

He indeed, with regard to the question, asserted the negative, because he drew his inference from the rule : * He found their origin in our vices, (a radical vice, if you will) and their application consecrated to our passions ; † from the boisterous sway of these, and the twilight of reason, he demonstrated, that for one probability thousand absurdities,

* *Fit denominatio a potiori*—

† “ The origin of human knowledge does not answer our favourite idea of it. Astronomy sprang from superstition ; eloquence from ambition, hate, flattery, lies ; geometry from avarice ; natural history from vain curiosity—all, even the doctrine of morals, from our pride. — We should less dispute on their advantages, were they owing to our virtues.”—Disc. 2 partie, T. i. 30.

dities, thousand errors for one truth *must* swarm around us; that the arts, * the

B 3 graces

* This note is for painters only. The three great restorers of painting were, *Raphael*, who studied expression; *Corregio*, who united the graces of light and shade; and *Titian*, who imitated common nature: all their followers were either what we call their *schools*, or *Ecole*. These three powers are only the instrument of the painter, but what is his design? — Tell me from their performances, and if you will not call them the tools of flattery, superstition, of pleasure, or coarse imitation—own, that they forgot the soul of their creation; for if an art is only then to be commended, if it strews flowers on the paths of virtue, and animates the heart with noble emulation; if it corrects the manners, or immortalises great actions; is it to be tolerated if it does the contrary?

You may cry out here, that I forgot Michael Angelo ! — I did not forget him ; — that I am no judge — You may be mistaken ; I shed tears of admiration and pleasure over *Raphael*, whilst you perhaps vomit raptures on that great bully *Tintoret*, or number the frogs of *Teniers* — *Raphael*'s choice, expression, marks his great soul ; but still, if a few can judge of the lion from his claw — can the mob ?

graces of our life, if prudently managed, are become the manacles of the weak, and the ulcers of society ; he shewed, that human curiosity, whirled along on the torrent of life, dives not for truth, and if its appearance swims on the surface, snatches at it and darts by ; he proved that from Egypt to China, and from *Busiris* to *Temurlenk* all polished and genteel nations, all the states supported by trade, luxury, and arts, have been corrupted, have died of a surfeit, § were

funk by their own weight—or mowed down by a barbarian's scymetar; whilst those whom necessity or accident had confined to their primitive light of nature, preserved liberty with mediocrity, and with ignorance and poverty their innocence of manners; he drew the pedigree of the sciences and arts, † shewed them grafted on luxury and leisure, those on riches, and wealth on inequality;—and from all this he concluded, that every society supported by their fickle props, resembles a palace founded on the roman order—castles in the air; that having

† “ Voici comment j'arrangerois cette genealogie, la premiere source du mal est l'inégalité; “ de l'inégalité sont venues les richesses; car ces “ mots de *pauvre* & de *riche* sont relatifs, & par “ tout où les hommes seront égaux, il n'y aura ni “ riches ni pauvres: des richesses, sont nés le “ luxe & l'oisiveté; du luxe sont venus les beaux “ arts; & de l'oisiveté, les sciences.” Observations sur la Reponse du R. S. t. i. 112.

weakened the spirit of nations, enervated genius, drawn humanity from its real object, substituted visionary bliss to real happiness, fettered the mind to unnatural wants, and adulterated the manners ; all the merit they can be allowed, is that of being like water for the dropsy, palliatives for the diseases they engender ; or—if you want a prettier simile, that of resembling rosy harlots, who by coaxing and magic embraces give momentary springs and elasticity to those limbs which their abyss of pleasures sucked into languishment and impotence.

Such is the rapid, and, I am sensible, imperfect sketch of what Rousseau demonstrated to be the moral effects of the sciences and arts *.

As

* The answer most hackneyed by his antagonists, has been : *Ab abuso ad usum non valet consequentia*

As you may be persuaded that we shall want *labourers*, and perhaps *handicrafts* before we can be in need of *writers*—I wish you would allow me a few remarks on the limits of this epidemick rage of scribbling, and the remedies against that deluge of nonsense which inundates every rank of life.—They are owing entirely to *literature made easy*. The only effectual means, in my opinion, for preserving its dignity and usefulness to Learning, were,

sequentia— I have already mentioned that other axiom in logics, *Conclusio fit a potiori*. You cannot prove wine, mercury, gunpowder, arsenic, to be destructive to the species, merely because their powers and effects are of mixed nature; but if you prove that their sum of disadvantages exceeds in quantity and quality that of advantages—they are cast. If there is yet an answer possible to R. objections, it is, that he proves too much: that, for instance, christianism lies under similar moral and political objections with the culture of learning.

were, to make it the privilege of Genius. The rudiments of science should never have been levelled with those whom nature made, to crawl; their ruggedness, a kind of subfultory method; even a conciseness bordering upon obscurity, presupposing much, implying much—might have been the test of real genius. The gravitation of minds varies to infinity, and Providence has probably in most of her subjects combined inclination and capacities—their united endeavours may be supposed equal to the opposition they meet with in their objects.—There is a kind of intuition in genius—'twas *Raphael's*, 'twas *Pascal's*.

With this fence round the temple of Science you would have saved it from the profanations of parental pride, and pert pretence; from the itch of mere curiosity,

sity, and the waste of leisure ; from the skimming of fashion, and the brazen memory of dunces ; and the more useful departments of life would not be continually emptying to recruit the armies of *Pencibwers*.

Thus even the rank exuberance of those tribes of learning, whom society cannot afford to part with,--of divines, lawyers, and physicians---might be cropped ; they would not thus overshade the country, did not so many bottomless officious people write their lives away, with compendiums, short and accurate views, tables, definitions, lectures, and the rest of their rudimental trash, to level, to reduce science to the conception of the *great club*.---As it is not very difficult by dint of memory, and compendiums, to conquer your tracts of divinity, law,

law, and physic, (for it does not require more head, than to be a clever cobler or brush-maker) why should Thickskull be afraid to enter the breach, through which brother Jack has brayed and kicked himself into a chariot, an office, or a bishoprick ?

As to those branches of science which are of very remote influence on the wants of society--I must insist, that if Nature has meant a few (and how few !) to fail with ballast in the ocean of possibilities, to promulgate her laws and wield her phænomenons, to enjoy the music of the spheres---and to feel the pulse of a tadpole ;—she has destined none to spend a life in taking their word for it—.

Or pray, which of the two is likely to do the greater service to his country—
the

the farmer, who, humbly ignorant, propagates his race, and scatters plenty over the land—or the pert youngster, who piping-hot from his college puzzles him with the deep paradox, that his horses do not draw, but push the cart—or that of the law-suits hid in the twig he cut from a hedge.—

Nay—it would be worth the exertion of the secular arm, and the prayers of the church, (as palliatives are the only physic our society admits of) to check the springs of learned ignorance, were it merely to deliver you any where, at any time, from the decisions, hints, blunders, lies—from the pragmatick assurance—the insulting pinches of snuff—and the pickled politicks of your *Hermaphrodites*; were it only to save you from being swept along.

along by a peacock's tail, stung to death by snails, or ravished by tye-wigs.—

There is but one tolerable objection to such a reformation, which is, that true genius will go on with more rapidity in its course of science, if the time of its apprenticeship is shortened by rudiments made easy.—There may be some truth in this—but as you have to chuse between two evils only, it is much more essential to keep the mob off, than to save a step or two to a man of parts—the advantages on either side admit of no comparison. What if even *Newton* and *Leibnitz* had been later acquainted with some of their sublimest mathematic and metaphysic truths, or had they even not had time enough to come up with them at all, would you affect to think it as deplorable a misfortune to society, as that myriads of

of blockheads will, for a jingle of sophistry, and false mathematicks, lay the loom waste, and devour the fields they deserted ?

We have the good-nature at our expence to confound the learned with the *wise* man—who centers all his midnight cares in *action* * ; this was the principle of antient philosophy, as strength was the design of their gymnastick exercises ; but we seem made to talk.—We call science with

* “ To say that the Sciences sprang from idleness—is a palpable abuse of terms; their origin is *leisure*, but they keep you from *idleness*.”—I do not understand this distinction of leisure and idleness; but what I know most certainly is, that no honest man can ever boast of having time upon his hands whilst he has a country to serve, or a brother to assist. — “ The citizen at the plough is not more occupied than the geometer or anatomist.”—Not more than the child who builds a castle of cards, only more usefully.—

R. derniere Reponse, t. i. 276.

with them the individuation of ideas—
but our corollaries may be trifles, or
worse, provided we, with Milton's
Satan,

O'er bog or steep, thro' strait, rough, dense or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursue our way;
And swim, or sink, or wade, or creep, or fly—

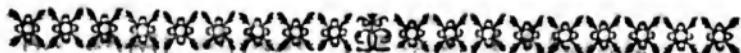
It was to little purpose to say so much,
if by *literature made easy*, you think I
could mean the most classick and expedit-
tious method of teaching the languages;
—as they are merely the keys of science,
their jars might perhaps stun, or their
disproportion discourage the most pro-
mising heads.—

It is however somewhat nettling to re-
flect, that the only country of agricul-
ture—true learning and manly accom-
plishments—should every day compose
machines

machines to save hands and to transport ;
hatch mobs enough to drown science in
an universal hubbub ; should smile on
Newmarket, and keep long rooms to
teach grown gentlemen to dance.

C

C H A P.



C H A P. II.

On the origin of *inequality* among *mankind*, and if the law of *nature* authorises it *.

SUCH is the question, whose celebrated answer—known to all, read by few, understood by less—was yet universally censured.

Those for whom 'tis written, will easily find it to be the philosophical analysis

* *Discours sur cette question proposée par l'académie de Dijon : Quelle est l'origine de l'inégalité parmi les hommes, & si elle est autorisée par la loi naturelle ?*

analysis of the former discourse, the basis of his literary ideas, and of all hypotheses the most proper to explain the contradictions of the human heart, and the origin of all the revolutions of the species: —

If the question presupposed the super-natural state of Adam and Eve, revelation bursting upon man with that irresistible beam called natural religion—the torch of Prometheus, or the butterfly of Miner-

C 2 va ;

+ Most of those that have written on this subject, mistook the effect for the cause. " Talking of nothing but wants, keen desires, opposition, pride, they transported the ideas of society into the realms of nature. — Most have not even doubted the once existence of a state of nature, tho' it be evident from the scriptures, that the first man, immediately inspired and instructed by God, was not in that state himself," — &c.

Disc. Introd. 54. Oeuv. t. iii.

va;—if it implied the despotic system of moralists, built by reason and inhabited by the passions—the parental, the domestic, the civil relations of *social* man, with their train of sentiments and refinements—If, I say, the question presupposed these to be the state of nature,—it was the idlest, and before its answer most answered question which ever academy proposed :—'twas the Sibyllean leaf to be read by the winds— or to be resolved by *Castillon* and *Castel* *.

* “ The state of nature has existed, it exists, and will exist, with the species.—The first male and female have been created at each other's side—or they would have lost each other:—once together—they never parted.”—————
Castillon Prof. en Ph. & Math. à Utrecht; F. R. S. &c. &c.

In father *Castel*'s stile, chain of ideas, and manner of refuting, there is such a squirrel-motion, so priestly

But if they, heedless of records of yesterday—mindless of the once existence, or mere possibility of a state of nature,—proposed from the decrepit reliques of

C 3

the

priestly a drollery, that I cannot help giving the reader a specimen of it—:

“ God makes man perfect of body, heart, mind,
“ in a fine paradise, destined for a still finer one,
“ viz. God in all his glory, splendour, and de-
“ lights ; for all that, God finds him not well
“ enough in this terrestrial paradise, because alone,
“ without company, help, society. Alas, sir,
“ shudder at that savage solitude to which you
“ want to reduce us again. Behold the oracle
“ against which I beg, I intreat, I conjure you not to
“ rebel; *Non est bonum, non est bonum hominem esse solum,*
“ *solum, solum*; and farther: *Faciamus illi adjutorium*
“ *smileibi*. And yet was man not so quite by himself
“ neither—there was God before hand ; and
“ after that, there was a numberless multitude
“ of fish, birds, reptiles, and particularly of beasts,
“ lions, elephants, monkeys, horses, &c. &c. all
“ perfect in their kind, infinitely various, and
“ obedient to Adam their master. Yet was
“ there no society for him.”— —L’homme
moral opposé à l’homme physique de Mr. Rousseau,
à Toulouse, 1756.

the species to retrograde to the infant, and consulting nothing but his unassisted nature, from the evolutions of that, to trace the youth and man; — if they desired to see the moment marked, when in the progress of things, right succeeding to violence, nature received the yoke of law; — if they would have it explained by what chain of prodigies the strong stooped to be the slave of the weak, and nations could be cheated in to the purchase of ideal peace, at the price of real happiness ‡; — 'twas the noblest, the most interesting of problems: — and he who dared and could, explain

‡ “ *De quoi s'agit il donc précisément dans ce discours ? de marquer, dans le progrès des choses, le moment où, le droit succédant à la violence, la nature fut soumise à la loi ; d'expliquer par quel enchaînement de prodiges, le fort put se résoudre à servir le faible, et le peuple à acheter un repos en idée, au prix d'une félicité réelle.* ” Disc. Introd. 53.

explain it, — entitled to as entraptured a *heurika* as ever burst from the bosom of man.

This Rousseau did. He traced man to the nipple of nature, found him wrapped up in instinct,—taught his lore by appetite and fear — harmless because content—content because void of comparative ideas — solitary, because without wants,—snatching the moment on the wing, from the past and future ones.

Yet even in this wilderness of nature he stamps him with the sovereignty of vegetation and instinct; behold him free, improveable, compassionate *.

* There seems to be a sublimer principle of human pity than the image of identity, which in its utmost force appears to be nothing but the impulse of self-preservation:—I mean an innate

With the lapse of times, a chasm beyond the span of Chinese chronometers,—the spreading race, assailed by diversity of soils, climates, seasons—received their first lesson of reason from necessity—and then employed art, as nature slid or thundered the means of sustenance into their hands.—

Once roused, the mind goes on.—Struck with an infinity of objects round him,

benevolence, and the sentiment of justice and order. Seized with the infernal steam of shambles—the cattle bemoan themselves ;—even the glorious thrillings of humanity are selfish ;—the alleviation of subordinate states is indispensable duty ;—but there may be supreme benevolence in saving the fly in your bowl.—Vid. Disc. I. P. p. 96.

“ ‘Tis pity, which, instead of that sublime maxim of informed justice, *act as thou wouldest be acted by*—inspires all with that other maxim of natural goodness—much less perfect, “ but perhaps more useful than the former, *Promote thy own happiness with the least harm possible*—” Ibid. 100.

him, man found himself conform to one, and of superior disparity with the rest:—hence his first lesson of society and pride—wit and industry went hand in hand,—here was perhaps the origin of families, property, war.—Cohabitation inspired with conjugal and parental love,—and the effects of united power exceeding their simple wants,—affluence produced leisure, and the yoke of necessity was shook off for the heavier one of luxury.

The revolutions of the globe formed what we call nations and idioms. From climates, aliments, and similar habits of life, *sprang* unity of characters and manners; beauty and merit, become favourite sentiments, and moral love blazes in all its charms and all its terrors.—

—Here inequality begins—from beauty,

beauty, force, talent, and their reward, public esteem—rose vanity and contempt, shame and envy; from opinion, and ideal self-love—revenge and cruelty.—

Such is the state of the savage of our days—a medium between the indolence of primitive man and the petulant activity of our self-love.

Metallurgy produced agriculture—and both the rigours of property:—the disparity of force and talents rewarded with riches or branded with poverty—ambition revelled amidst the jar of cross-interests—the right of the strongest and that of the proprietor were sealed and cancelled with blood—till the rich with cautious craft decoyed the hordes of

of anarchy into cities of slaves and tyrants.—

Such are the random outlines of a work which you might call the triumph of conjecture—compared with others. Rousseau, like his own giant, with every enormous stride measures only his superiority over the dwarf that pants behind him.—You laugh to hear the dwarf deny the existence of provinces he cannot explore; and why would you rave at the brood of interest and dullness, for their attempts to drown the oracles of nature in their hisses, at seeing them strut forth with their carpenter's rule to measure the regions of probability—?

There is one of the enemies of man, however—whom his hugeness distinguishes

guishes in the crowd—that threadworn withered bastard of Fancy, that proud lesson of humility—*Pansophe* ‡! — Behold him, like some extatic anabaptist, stark-naked in the streets of *Leyden*, rush in and cry: ——— “ Brethren of London, Paris, and Geneva! no four legs! no acorns! no sub-dios! no female to be wrench'd from the potent „ embraces of a son of earth! ——— “ Riches, society, right! — religion to “ the great organ of life! — virtue, “ virtù! — stages, toilet, laws! — fiddles, agri-

‡ *Pansophe*! the father of *Seide*! *Palmyra*! *Mahomet*! — *Pansophe*, who bade the tear of melting pity embalm *Zara*, and terror shudder from *Semiramis*? — They were dunghills, *Pansophe*, *Shakespear* and *Otway*—and *Euripides* and *Sophocles*—let not thy modesty deny it—were dunghills strewed with jewels:—but how lowly would the cock have crowed, how solitary his seraglio of hens have been—had he not topped their height, and in his bill exhibited their diamonds! —

" agriculture! — By Samonocodom,
 " and the Trinities beyond the Ganges !
 " no acorns—no state of nature! no
 " four-legs!" ————— Why, Pan-
 sophe? a less cry than this has gathered
 a mob—nor did I ever dispute your
 jaws that power—but your eyes that of
 seeing.—It is not fair to read yourself
 when you take up a book.—The misan-
 thropic, inhuman principles of that dis-
 course—are yours!—and better had it
 been for us, for our hopeful posterity,
 and especially for you—had you, on four,
 been kicked to atoms by some splenetic
 son of Bileam's—than to have raised
 yourself on two legs to dress the supper
 of *Conculix*; to paint the buttocks of
Chando's page; to erect the tremendous
 idol of *Joan*'s celestial lover;— to act
 the upholsterer of *Candid*'s bedchamber;
 —or to find a maidenhead in *Circassia*
 only

only to make its owner tell us in *Norwegen*, it was carried off by a tiger.—
 As to your mob—with hearts as wild as your own—they have had almost all—but rather all—the good-luck of much weaker heads, or clumsier passions—pools of mischief and absurdity—but no breeze of their own to ruffle them into contagion and infamy—

I beg pardon—but though with regard to *Pansophe*, whether he pleases or distresses me, I am always in the case of those of *Aretin's noses*, who, the thing over, wish the girl a hundred miles off—yet, as he lay in my way, and it is better to say nothing at all of him, than not enough—I indulged truth and indignation.—

It does not appear, that the choice of
 two

two questions of such importance, was more owing to the heads than the stars of the Academy of Dijon.—They with their natural alacrity funk back to their center, and crowned the low *tartuffery* of *Talbert* §; “For *Rousseau*’s work,” said a Frenchman of sense, “was above the “prices of all academies.”

§ Vid. *Choix Litteraire*, tom. vii.



C H A P III.

EMILE, or on EDUCATION.

I Cannot forbear to take notice of the moral connection between the productions of this writer, which is such as to render each subsequent one a comment on the former. First, he seemed to deal in extremes.—Society was a sea-storm, flesh fishified, shark and fry ;—or when he led you on shore, 'twas to the wilds of nature, the aborigines of earth, the savage sons of pity—but from these; as you must either be social or nothing,—

as

as you are so much more obliged to be a gentleman than a man—as the fleecy clouds of the spring or a bear's hide can neither be your shirt nor coat—as you are too modest for being covered by public modesty only—from these, I say, he returned to humour you ; he dressed virtue in entertainment, he kept up appearances, he was decent, he bade the florid tongue of passions form your manners, * and nature teach humanity in play.—

Such is the method of Emile—insinuating virtue without giving one single precept ;—at the first of precepts the book ends.—

D

Now

* In Héloïsa, written before Emile—*Et il dira aussi que les Peuples qui ont des moeurs ne lisent pas des Romans, & il ne fera point de Romans mais un livre de meeurs auquel il donnera la forme d'un Roman pour le faire*

Now that's what of all things they can bear least—not one precept of virtue! —and there is not one school-master in the kingdom but what would heartily throw the book, and all its nonsense in the Thames, or —————— could he but afford it.†

The father's health must stamp it on his son;
The bud of nature exercise disclose,
And liberty to virtue steel the soul—*

Such

faire passer ; c'est ainsi qu'en frotte de miel les bords d'un vase pour en faire avaler la liqueur amere. Predict. sur l'Auteur de la N. H.

† I scorn to treat my reader with such objections as—that Rousseau's pupils would be mere “*machines à vertu*”—that a boy may read *Tacitus*—and *Clarke*—that talents are the chief object of education—that emulation and vanity must be the motives of progress.

* *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,*
Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. HOR.

The

Such is the plan of Emile's education; and though it be but the *negative* + one of a solitary, the principles will hold for society:—all the difference will be in the management of the accidental part; you must call in to your assistance the mass of good in man and society, produce a coalition of nature and art, but never suffer ambition and vanity to subvert moral sense.

D 2

The

The brave and good are copies of their kind;
Yet sage instructions to *refine* the soul,
And raise the genius wond'rous aid impart,
Conveying *inward*, as they *purely roll*,
Strength to the mind and vigour to the heart.

Why F—, you do not mean that a laced waistcoat is a stomachick?

+ *J'appelle éducation positive celle qui tend à former l'esprit avant l'âge, & à donner à l'enfant la connoissance des devoirs de l'homme. J'appelle éducation négative celle qui tend à perfectionner les organes, instrumens de nos connoissances avant de nous donner ces connoissances, & qui prépare à la raison par l'exercice des sens.*

Lettre à Mr. de Beaumont. t. vi. 269.

The objection against the practicability of Rousseau's system, if founded on the impossibility of finding *parents* among those who have it in their power to snatch their offspring from the motley nursery of chance, and giving them an education—or on the improbability of meeting with Socrates amidst the gang that lurk with jaws open for destruction — seems unanswerable; but the same, if founded on the chimæra of infantile corruption only, and parents, tutors, servants undertake—(for they undertake readily) to find themselves—is a trifle: for although your lord and ladyships may be right in asserting, that there is no preserving ladies flesh from tainting, though you buy it at a million a dram— yet that assertion will not hold with the infant bloom of nature.—The cancer, the blasting

blasting grub, and the epidemic caterpillar—are mere accidents of the plant‡. “What! is original sin a dream?”—If by original sin, your worships mean the inheritance of corruption from carrion, and by virtue of an established harmony, the legacy of foul inclinations from foul bodies to embodied souls—that the foolish trick of *Henry*’s nether-lip pricked the heir apparent on his son; that the bodily dregs of cruel *York* marked *Richard* for the comet that was to sweep the age:—If you mean so,—why I see enough, to be stared in the face with this looseness of humanity in every family, house, rank, business, street. But if you mean it myf-

D 3 tically

“ † Affectiones enim principia sunt atque ele-
“ menta humanarum actionum; omnes in se
“ sunt bona, utiles, honesta: et cum debite ex-
“ ercentur, non modo recta ducunt sed stimu-
“ lant etiam, ~~et~~ incendunt ad virtutem.” Rob.
Oxford de Sacra Poesi Hebr. Præl. xvii.

tically—not that the mercury which projected the father's teeth, will set those of the children on edge—but that that dear, sweet, little rogue of Eve's golden pip-pin, caused moral indigestion for these five-thousand and odd years ;—I own I am ashamed of ye all, as of *Freethinkers* and *Unbelievers* in the scriptures and gospel, which plainly inform us, that God, conscious of man's being not the thing for reproducing goodness—took such a trust from fathers, mothers, &c. &c. &c.—and lodged it in baptism. ||

Besides—though it betrayed small knowledge of the stage-laws, and less of human nature, to let buskin'd Cato, by the

|| “ *Selon cette même doctrine (du peché originel :)*
 “ *nous avons tous dans notre enfance recouvré l'innocence primitive ; nous sommes tous sortis du baptême*
 “ *aussi sains de cœur qu' Adam sortit de la main de*
 “ *Dieu.*” Lettre à Mr. de Beaumont. t. vi. 255.

the soporific lullaby's of heroism give rest to the Pitt—yet is the stoic model of all others the most worthy of moral imitation * ; for you may be sure, that the mirror which shows blistered minds and *half-blooded* actions to speculation, has an effect quite contrary to that which fillips the nose of vanity.—The strings of the soul can never be wound up to an extreme, they slacken by themselves; a mediocrity of models blasts virtue as it does genius: the musician forms

D. 4 himself

* C'est l'abstraction que les Stoiques ont fait qui merite nos suffrages. Leur sage etoit un etre ideal, mais fait pour leur inspirer une ardeur sans egale d'en approcher. Il n'est pas wray que chacun d'eux pretendit à etre cet homme impassible et maître absolu de soi-même, chacun le prit seulement pour exemple auquel il tendoit de toutes ses forces. Nous ne sommes vertueux qu'à mesure des grands modeles que nous suivons." M.S. on Rousseau.

Why a perfect model is an absurd one for a social slave, the causes of its little influence even on those whose characters it might affect—see explained in the second preface to *Heloise*.

himself upon the loftiest flights of winged voice, the deepest thunders of the bass—or explores the labyrinths of symphony; the painter roams over the elysium of ideal beauty, and dips his pencil in the rainbow; the poet's eye

—————In a fine frenzy rowling
Does glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;

Whoever told a young poet not to study Homer, or a philosopher to lay by Plato, because there was rather no hope of their ever rivalling them?—Is the warrior to cock his eye at the wall with *Coeur de Lion*, to break his head against it with *Charles XII*, or with *Frédéric*, at *Planian*, to calculate what millions of drops of blood will run down a perpendicular rock of battle—and how many will dung its foil, and be imbibed by its hemlocks and nightshades?—Nay, even the nestling

of

of a shop, does he glow for any thing on this side a plum, or meditate bankruptcy?—And why will you, under pretence of high soaring impossibility, forbid man to study himself, his elements?—Why drown in your catcalls the legislation of humanity? Why insinuate to fathers and mothers—that the heir of quality and estate need not be a man;—that in Rome's politest days, nobody was sure of giving his dinner, no subscriber to the assembly in Cæsar-street St. Romulus's of enjoying either ball or supper, however advertised to be opened at eight, and to be on table exactly at twelve, as long as that eternal Cato's brow sinote good company and pleasure with his horrid stern *Je ne sais quoi*—

—You will tell me that a man in the country of monkeys is a ridiculous thing:—that's true.

Religion

Religion and liberty of choice in the mode of worship have never made part of any system of education; they are pre-established for the child, before he bursts the doors of life—just as his rank, profession, or trade ;—which method no doubt fills the temples with those clouds of reasonable adorers of God, and the very kennels of society with genius. I shall not therefore enter into a discussion of the objections made to the Confession of Faith of the Savoyan Vicar in *Emile* *, or that which the author had before

* *Martin Bucer*, one of the reformers in the sixteenth century, questioned by the Duke of Northumberland about his opinion of the real presence of the body in the sacrament, with more philosophy than zeal answered, “ *Whoever implicitly believes, cannot doubt it; but I would no more believe all that’s written of the facts and life of Jesus Christ in the gospel, than I would openly deny it.* ” Bayle calls this a calumny, because *Bucer* was no libertine. I can

fore given in the life, and on the dying-bed of Julia;—their relation to each other is that of head and heart: nor shall I examine into his sentiments on Christianity in the state ||; or make remarks on what he dared, *not to conclude* from his anatomy of miracles †—which altogether has

I can see nothing in it unworthy the tête-à-tête of a Peripatetician, for such *Bucer* was.—The Savoyan vicar little suspected such a sentiment to have been risked so early. Vid. *Bayle* in *Bucer*.

|| Chapt. viii. book iv. of the Social Compact, where he misconstrues our Saviour's meaning into a literal one, when he said, *My kingdom is not of this world; if it were, then would my servants fight* ————— *let the dead bury their dead, &c.*—and hence pronounces absolute resignation, indifference for earthly things and connections, and an ardent longing after an ideal mother-country, to be the principles of christianity—rather incompatible with the ideas of property, liberty, patriotism, politic establishment, and the exclusive rights and strength of nations. But we know better.

† In the Second Letter from the Mountain. A miracle

has with the greatest number lost him the title of a Christian §. —The test of our creed

miracle being for us an exception from the pre-established laws of nature, is by its own definition indemonstrable to man, or any being unacquainted with the full extent, number, modification of these laws. To prove the doctrine by the miracles, and these by the doctrine, is the logical circle. If miracles were not beyond demonstration by their definition, yet there is no proof possible, sufficient to propagate their belief, unless the power of evincing the truths of events physically supernatural, should be vested in tradition and moral proofs. — Such objections, I say, I shall not discuss, as they are very easily answered, and signify no more than the wish that God might rather have created fifty individuals than recalled one from the grave.

§ Not only the sub-rosa's, the public and private doctrine of ancient philosophy have been wisely adopted by the regency of christian communities, but the limits of adhering to reason preferably to dogma, and vice versa, of doubting and canvassing, have been ascertained. The Orthodox, Arian, Pelagian, Socinian, the High-churchman and branchy Dissenter—are, no doubt, the bell-weather of faith, and upon their stomachs that

creed is irrefragable authority. Approach the sanctuary of mysteries, guided by reason, but remember that its feeble light can only make darkness visible :— and him who without a letter of credence, and an authentic key from St. John, not in his head or heart, but in his hand, crams his emetic trash down your throat, under pretence that it will dulcify your stomach, unveils the Babylonian whore, or discovers the merchants of Tyrus, in the East-India company—him set down among the victims of

that of every true christian ought to regulate its digestion.—Beyond their tenets, doubt and discussion are unfair, wanton, absurd ; and he, to whom the doctrine of Jesus Christ has demonstrated his divine legation with such clearness and force, that prophecies, mysteries, miracles, appear rather as incumbrances upon the system—he who does not want the sign to believe—is, to be sure, a Heathen, and neither Arian, Socinian, nor Orthodox.

of grim superstition, and sour-brained dotage—unless you rather chuse to indulge him with the *running banquet of two beadle*s.—*

Some have objected to the stile of Emile, as too diffuse, too long dwelling on one subject, too full of repetitions.

—These know that they never read the book over. The comparative prolixity of the first volume is one of its perfections. Addressed to women, mothers, nurses, it must persuade women:—their head is in their heart, that you must engage, and to influence the mellow matrons, like Cicero humour them.— You must keep them alive by tattle, scotch the solid reason which they can neither clench nor digest of one piece; in short, you must repeat yourself; a fault which, for many an old woman

* Shakespear.

among his readers, I wish Rousseau had committed oftener.

Rousseau, you say, should propose coolly, and plead without passion.—* There are in the walks of science certain characteristics of true genius.—Suppose it even employed in the highroads of argument or composition—there is a light of method, a chain of truths, a nerve of expression, so candid a manner, the stile glows so genially, palpitates so warmly,

* " *Reduit au triste emploi de me defendre moi-même, j'ai du me borner à raisonner ; m'échauffer eut été m'avilir. J'aurai donc trouvé grace en ce point devant ceux qui s'imaginent qu'il est essentiel à la vérité d'être dite froidement ; opinion que pourtant j'ai peine à comprendre. Lorsq 'une vive persuasion nous anime, le moyen d'employer un langage glacé ? Quand Archimede tout transporté courroit nud dans les rues de Syracuse, en avoit il moins trouvé la vérité parce qu'il se passionnoit pour elle ? tout au contraire, celui qui la sent ne peut s'abstenir de l'adorer ; celui qui demeure froid ne l'a pas vue.*"

Avertissement sur les Lettr. dela Mont. O. t. 7.

ly, faints away so pallid, or mixes so meltingly with your heart—that you cry out, “There is more than head, art, memory—there is truth, sentiment, soul!”

Such is the language of genius; and do you think it employs another, when virtue is the theme? Nothing is so easily found out as moral copies and originals.—Memory is not ideas—in that soil genius grows not: the same ink that burnt the paper under *Aretin*’s pen, will freeze when used by *Parthenio Etyro*. † — ’Twas the heart, ’twas strength of mind, ’twas the enthusiasm of benevolence that scattered flowers over *Emile*.—

C H A P.

† *Aretin*, when he had finished his course of natural history, and demonstrated upwards of forty *Schemata Amoris*—repented, dissolved his name into that of *Parthenio Etyro*, and fell to writing psalms, lives of J. and the saints, prayers and meditations.



C H A P. IV.

H E L O I S E.

—F R O M these the eloquence of his Heloisa. There may be wasteful and ridiculous excess in all the classes “*de propaganda*,” from faith to the establishment of mulberry-plantations about *Abo*—but none perhaps is so very glaring as that of introducing our God, manners, pleasures, to the haunts of desolation, where nature like a hag plucks her mandrakes from earth to groan around her, to the rocks where pleasure with leaden eyes for ever hangs over the

E spawn

spawn glimmering in the midnight surge,
to the fat melancholy of polar souls ;—
Unless it be the attempt of talking senti-
ment and generous passions into their
kindred among us, hearts damned to
eternal callus, into mere head-pieces—you
might as well pretend to give existence
to Iago's beast of two backs, as to make
them feel.—I shall therefore silently sub-
scribe to all that has been or may be said
against St. Preux's and Héloïsa's love.—
Whoever finds it excentrick, impossible,
bombastick—is in the right for himself,
and will be so to all eternity.

But it were better perhaps Héloïse
might be unintelligible to all.—What, in
the name of mutiny ! what consequence
will it have for wenches to know—
that there are kisses, out of family, be-
yond the selfishness of parental pity
or

or vanity, beyond the sober touch of brothers and sisters—or the icicles on the lips of maiden friendship;—kisses at once the flash of lightning and the morning's dew—joys the storm of pleasure, and the balm of life!—

To know—that the roseate bowers of their fathers gardens—may every leaf, every bud of them—be taught to breathe, to whisper bliss, to tell each its own tale of the mother of love!—

To know that stays paint to the eagle eye of love, here their luxuriance of bosom and milky orbs of rapture, and there the slender waist and rising hips—that with the perfumes of their toilet contagion spreads—that aprons will invite Hamlet to build tabernacles between Beauty's legs—and petticoats appear to Romeo the gates of heaven—

—What will be the consequence of all this? —

They will **** * — yea and dream at the same time, that virginity may drop a maidenhead, and matrimony pick it up;—that nature now and then lays a stumbling-block in Virtue's way to teach her to walk.

Your daughter may prove a harlot—Very like—and may have read Heloise, and mightily been pleased with it;—but pray examine two things: how she came to read romances *, and whether the

‘dogs-

* “ No modest girl reads love-stories. Let not her, who, notwithstanding its title, dares to read this, complain of the harm it has done her; 'tis false, 'twas over with her before she has nothing to risk now.” — “ It has been tried to make the reading romances useful for our youth; 'tis of all schemes the most nonsensical; 'tis setting the house on fire to play off the engines. The ~~mal~~ of those books, according

“ ing

dogs-ears go any farther than where
Julia gives the rendezvous.—

E 3

In

“ ing to this foolish idea, instead of being directed
“ towards its proper object, is always addressed to
“ the girls—as if the girls had a share in the dis-
“ orders you complain of ! Their conduct in ge-
“ neral is regular, however corrupt their heart.
“ They obey their mothers, whilst they long to
“ imitate them. Make the women do their duty,
“ and depend on it, the girls will not be found
“ wanting in theirs.”—*Seconde Préf. pour la Nouv.*

Heloïse.

That romances generally mistake their object ; that they teach the passions which they profess to check ; that those of Richardson especially turn daughters into *précieuses* and heroines, spoil servant-maids, and often are beyond application, &c.—has been said and repeated, as well as that he is intolerably voluminous. Rousseau admires him for his great models, but thinks his characters, in general, affected : “ *Cet auteur fait repandre un intérêt des plus vifs sur tout ce qui concerne ses personnes. Après l'action équivoque de Clarisse je suis toujours à genoux devant elle ; et Clementine avec tout son fanaticisme fait fondre en larmes, je l'adore comme une sainte ; quoique Grandison me paroisse d'ailleurs le plus faible de ses Ecrits, par ce qu'il y a voulu réunir dans une seule personne le caractère d'homme aimable avec celui d'homme de bien.*”

M. S. en Rousseau.

In the fogs of popery—whether the tyranny of parents rung the alarm-bell of filial rights—or the baggage of daughters hung so heavy on the neck of pedigrees, that by its own weight it dropt into the kennel;—whether Kitty slept on the balcony to catch the nightingale, or Agathe threw off her veil to make mouths in a glass, and swallowed pater-nosters till they burst her belly;—whatever boy or girl proved haggard, 'twas a changeling, an abortion, substituted by an incubus ‡;—and sometimes a tender religious mother would carry her offspring to the next bridge, to know whether it was a goblin she was going to suckle, or her own child. In the first case, the little monster, whistled at by the legion in the water, would jump out of the basket and

‡ See the volume of *Luther's* table-discourses.

and plunge to join his brethren ; in the other, the child would cross himself.—It may, and with charity too, be presumed, that the number of devils-brats somewhat exceeded that of babies.—

In our clear day of reformation and sense, the devil has obtained his absolution.--Let a daughter refuse to suckle fools and chronicle small-beer, to call a money-bag vigour, or vigour a heart ; let her scorn to counterpoise a bladder of a husband by the carats pendant in her ear, and, mindless of rank, stoop to read some Othello's face in his heart, and dare to loose a father with him ;—let Concealment feed on her damask cheek—or turn her loose, down from the waist a centaur —'tis all one—'tis reading—'tis the play-house—'tis sentiment—'tis those damned romances that have turned her head—

And will for ever, I am afraid — till fathers and mothers learn to be something more than the parents of their own passions. —

— But if there ever was intuitive absurdity, 'twas to make Wolmar invite to his house, receive as his friend — the man his wife he knew had doated on and loved still ; — to suppose him capable of risking the unavoidable comparison between the stern pleasure in the carelessness of a husband on the descent of life, a stranger to sentiment, and the remembrance of a first lover, torn from her embraces by that husband ; — that lover whom neither the wing of time nor the paroxysm of youth, not all the endearments of friendship could estrange one moment from his Julia ! that lover who, when roaming from pole to pole, of

Paita's flames and Tinian's paradise, of the Pacifick waste and China's spoils— craved nothing — nothing but Heloisa, his lost—lost Heloisa ! † — and a husband conscious of all this, should risk to blow up the sleeping embers ! —

Risk, you say ?—Why, if he risked an atom, if he was not as certain of being unrivalled lord of his wife's very dreams —as Alexander was of having drank health in the cup of Philippus—he deserved to be consumed by his own fire ;— he deserved what you mean--- to have the horn of blessings in Julia's hand grafted upon his head—*.

However,

† See Letter IX. of vol. iii.

* Some have applied this maxim of Horace to Julia's sincerity of repentance :

*Nec vera virtus cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.*

“ When

However, there is little danger of your imitating him, as you have such an intuition

“ When we were got up—How ! said I to Julia,
 “ looking at her with a humid eye, your heart
 “ is silent—you feel no secret emotion at sight of
 “ a place so full of you ?— — — O Julia ! eternal
 “ charmer of my heart, behold the place where
 “ once the most faithful of lovers sighed for thee !
 “ Lo ! the abode where thy dear image made his
 “ bliss—and prepared him for that which at last
 “ he received from thee.— — — Maid, too con-
 “ stantly loved !—O thou for whom I was born !
 “ must I encounter thee here, and yet regret the
 “ time which I passed in moans on thy absence ?
 “ — “ I was going on, but Julia, who, frightened
 “ at seeing me approach the brink, had laid hold
 “ of my hand—gave it silently a squeeze, with a
 “ glance of tenderness and a suffocated sigh ;—
 “ then suddenly turning from me, and taking me
 “ by the arm, Come, said she, come, my friend,
 “ the air of this place is not good for me.—
 — “ To be at her side, to see her, to touch
 “ her, to speak to her, to love her, to adore her,
 “ and whilst I am almost possessing her, to be
 “ sensible that she is irrecoverably lost for me—
 “ throws me into paroxysms of rage, which by de-
 “ grees drive me to despair. — — — When
 “ I found myself better, I came back to Julia ; I
 “ took

intuition into absurdity :—Tho' I must ask you, whether fear is not the worst of evils ? and whether you can be so despicable an insect to content yourself with no better warrant for your wife's fidelity, than locks and keys ? Suppose her in love with another, and conscious of your suspicion—from that moment marriage is execration, a husband a halter. A man has a character, and dares to do no more than what becomes a man ; but women, they say, have none, and therefore are never out of their sphere. Let temples, sacraments, parents, honour, nature, misery; let life, stript of all feminine endearments, vanity,

“ took her again by the hand, she held her hand—
 “ kerchief, it was all wet—Ah ! whispered I—
 “ our hearts yet understand each other ! Too well,
 “ said she with a broken voice, but be this the
 “ last time of their speaking thus.”—Such was
 the lover ! such the mistress.

Nouv. Hel. III. Lettr. xxii.

vanity, delicacy, pride ; let mangled conscience and hag-ridden disease ; let hatred, jealousy, revenge——bar her gates, dispute her every inch of ground, fulminate her ear, assail her with torrents of tears, intangle her way with silken nets, or strew it all with daggers ;—if a woman is bent on a purpose, swift as the thoughts of love, or lewdness, or fury, 'tis all one——she will throw herself headlong, and palpitate ecstasy on the bosom of perdition ! ——— She will break your heart, or have her's broken.——

And could you really live with a wife which you had reason to suspect liked another better than yourself, and had made the comparison ?—You parasite of manhood ! you blister of humanity ! you unmeaning, poor, forked thing !——A dog wears

wears his own coat, but you are sunk almost as low as your footman.—

Upon the whole, this invitation of Wolmar's seems one of those great compliments (alas ! ideal ones) which human nature makes now and then to virtue.

I shall venture here an objection myself, not against a pretended insincerity of character in *Julia* †, or indiscretion

in

† I reluctantly allow, that the article of believing in the virtue of women, must in common life be confined to the catechism of charity only. But that the trumpeters of female excellence should think it impossible that a woman may conquer a passion from principles, should look upon *Julia*'s agreeing to see her former lover in presence of a husband acquainted with both their hearts, and an impartial examiner, as on a sign of insincerity, or at best as on a wanton periclitation of pride—is, I think, making but a sorry compliment to the fair. See Letters IX. and X. of vol. iii. Nouv. Hel.

I think

in that of Wolmar, but against an effect where I see no cause. — I do not dispute to Wolmar the theory of moral sense : he has in the picture all the features of philosophy. Exempt from prejudices, he had no obstacles to surmount in his observations ; and free from passions, he enjoyed one placid halcyon-day of life, to make them :

I think it, besides, a check on the progress of virtue, to maintain that there is little probability of its recovering from a fall. The consequence can hardly be less than general profligacy :—when no one can pretend to virtue; when it is matter of mere speculation or taste, 'twill be spoken of with the rankest luxuriance of encomiums. —

*“ La chose la plus dangereuse pour les progress moraux
“ est, de se laisser abattre l'esprit par la représentation
“ d'une faute commise dans un tel temps, dans telles cir-
“ constances ; pour reprendre haleine et pour vaincre la
“ confusion interieure on a besoin de puissans ressorts,
“ qui ne procedent que de principes actifs ; un honnête
“ homme peut etre semblable à l'athee Wolmar, mais ja-
“ mais un tel sera vertueux. C'est pourquoi Rousseau
“ l'a fait échouer à la premiere tentation.”* M. S.
on R.

them : he had besides both refinement and penetration.—What could be wanting then where the elements had been so kind ? Nothing indeed, as long as the question was only of speculation and taste, or that part of morals where experience was his guide : but born without passions, whence could he take the comparative object to determine positively their nature and degrees in others ? Pass his observation that Julia and St. Preux yet loved each other——but how without passions of his own, without experiments on their divers shapes and evolutions, how could he be able to know that St. Preux in Mrs. Wolmar loved no more than the shadow of his Julia of former days, and she in him only the phantom of her lovesick swain ?——I do not dispute facts ;—but the reality of this is perhaps sooner
felt

felt than accounted for ; 'tis in the province of moral sense, which no man, cold like Wolmar, had ever so refined — in so unelaftick a foil how could it grow ?—

But why does Julia die ?—Julia—the fair, the young, the charming, the friend, the daughter, the mistress, the housewife, the mother ?—Why, Rousseau, son of Melancholy, why wouldst thou snatch the dread veil of eternity to feel the eye of goodness ? why plant elysium only to hide a snake there ?—

This, of all objections ever made, is perhaps the best meant, full of the milk of human kindness, warm from the nipple of nature. There is a standard of order, there runs a strain of benevolence through the bosom of mortality ; and whilst pity and sense give graces to terror

on

on one side, it agonizes at every pore, nay shudders with inward horror, to see perfection insulted, unrewarded, punished—become the flaw of Providence and humanity.

But if ever an effect diametrically opposite to the cause, has amazed observation, 'tis, that as long as immortality was no more but a guess of conjecture, man hugged it with the most restless ardour : death was the victory of virtue, the most exalted reward of benevolence, a complete atonement for affliction.—Since Jesus Christ has brought it to light, we'd all jump the life to come——†.

F If

† There, amidst the acclamations of religion, the prophetic mother pours on her knees adoration for the great reward of obedience—Cleobis and Biton dead at her feet ; there Socrates and Cato, with a last sigh o'er the carriions of Athens and Rome, snatch eternity and die ; there Arria presents

If it were not for so unaccountable a prejudice, where, pray, could Rousseau have

sents the reeking dagger to her pallid husband—
“Pætus! it smarts not.”

These were public sentiments;—and here, when one exhibits the spectacle which Seneca, rotten as he was, pronounced a god-like one; throws all his readers at the feet of wronged Clarissa, and rewards the well-fought battle with death—immortality,—’tis against poetical justice.—

When Shakespear, to lesson mankind, afflicts innocence and virtue, nor in the latitude of the ravings, crimes, follies, he exposes, can find any reward on this side the grave for them; when to warn fathers against the dotage of predilection, the fury of prejudice, and the destructive consequences of flattery, he destroys the family of *Lear*, and wraps *Cordelia* in the storm; one gentle seeler changes her dagger to a husband, and adulterates the simplicity of filial piety with love, and another could not for all the world read the play a second time, till he turned commentator. Whenthe sa me poet, to stamp on power the mark of private virtue, and to consecrate wedlock, thunders law and nature to ambition, tears the womb of incest, and dashes all its horrors into light, theymince passion to a tear for pretty, harmless, blasted *Ophelia*, and arraign

have torn the thread of Julia's life with more propriety, than where he tears it? He suffered the fruit to ripen into mellow-ness before he shook the branch, and you blame him for dishing it up, before it

F 2 was

arraign the great instructor of mankind at the bar of Drury-lane.—But could you expect worse from those, who, with the gravity of a Welsh goat, discuss, whether Lear's madness was owing to his abdication of power, or the ingratitude of his daughters?—

The truth is, there are few who do not grind their taste for beauty on gross appetite, and fewer who build virtue on conscience; we all practise or love it, as the divines say, *sub intuitu boni*. And if it is certain, that a child prefers a bit of sugar in hand, to a shop of sweetmeats to-morrow, we are likelier to do what is right for fortune in this life, than for happiness in the next. Let a miser meeting misery from church, imagine howling—or hallelujah as long as you please—the halfpenny lies snug;—let him remember the next lottery, 'twill perhaps be given. Go on from these dregs of human nature to its most generous juices—and you'll find that we all hate to serve God for nothing, or worse than nothing,—death—immortality.—

was cancer-bit? What could Julia the grandam have done not yet done by Julia the wife and mother? She was left to educate her children as long as it could become a mother; she had made her husband as happy as a man who could only reason himself into happiness, could be; she had methodized happiness in the management of her family and œconomy; and it was equal by what hand it was dispensed.—Her death, her manner of dying, struck sentimental life into Wolmar, and of an out-law made a citizen of the world.—Why should she then be grudged to have obtained what the boding Moor, in his noon of bliss, begged in vain of his cruel stars;

“ If I were now to die,
 “ 'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
 “ My soul has her content so absolute,
 “ That not another comfort like to this
 “ Succeeds in unknown fate!”—

Oh!

Oh ! you of Heloisa's mourners, who roamed over the wilds of sympathetic joys and visionary bliss—tell me—did ever the idol of your soul appear to your extatic eye in the pallid robe of Life's autumnal dress ? Wouldst thou, O *Petrarcha*, have remembered “ the ringlets “ waving pure with radiant gold, and “ the lightnings of *Laura*'s angel-face,” on the bald head of a matron—in the blunt eye of marriage ?—The grave alone could give immortality to thy love.—

In the composition of this book, it seems to have been one of Rousseau's chief views to make devotees and libertines sensible of the fitness of a mutual toleration ; and he accordingly met with the fate of all peace-makers—he was abused by both.—



C H A P. V.

On the establishment of a Theatre at
Geneva ; to Mr. *D'Alembert*. +

THE proposal of a Theatre, made
to the citizens of Geneva, its poli-
tick absurdity out of question, is per-
haps as despicable a nostrum as ever
imposed upon a mob. For why se-
quester those whose air is not epidemick,
from the pleasures of nature's day to the
dim

+ J. J. Rousseau, citoyen de Genève, à Mr.
d'Alembert de l'Academie Françoise, &c. &c. &c.
sur son article Genève, dans le VII. volume de
l'Encyclopédie, &c. —

dim enjoyment of a taper?—In a society where Equality yet holds her balance, where the wants of life are supplied by industry alone, where every one has his allotment of labour, where no drone is fed, nor the gilded crest of Vice glares above the reach of justice—rest from the business or labour of the day is all the entertainment nature craves. * Shall the husband forsake the joys on the bosom of a tender wife, to learn from the annals of corruption in how many ways

* “ Our life is so short, say you, and time so precious!” Who doubts it, sir? But at the same time life is so unhappy, and pleasure so scarce! why envy man, by nature almost merely destined to weep and to die, a short-lived relaxation to assist him in supporting the bitterness or insipidity of his existence?—*Reponse de Mr. D'Alem.* The dutchess of Rohan said of Mr. de Fontenelle, that he had got a morsel of brains instead of a heart; and it has been applied to Mr. d'Alembert. Was it from such philosophy?

he may be robbed of them ? Shall she, mindless of silent domestick happiness, roam from amusement to amusement, throb with fashion, or learn from the herds of prostitution how to cock her eye at the fellows ? Shall parents carry their children to plays in order to cure them of faults not theirs, to teach them the dangers of passions that never shall swell their breasts ? Shall the man who employs his hours in the practice of virtue lose them to learn its theory † ? What analogy

† I reason here on the principles of those who consider the stage as a school of morals. There is, in tragedy chiefly, such a disparity between the spectator's and hero's circumstances, that it requires the most painful abstraction to snatch one useful lesson from all the flatulency of his passion. The truth is, the most striking play may be written without any good tendency at all ; hold the mirror up to life, give action, draw characters, and your play is good. *Amyclas, dum tacerent, perdidit silentium,* is all you can learn from *Menimia* ; and

analogy can there be between the bloody scourge of crimes, or the ridicule which satire flings on the head of extravagance, and the gentle corrections which teach

Modesty

and who weeps not with *Monimia*? The moral of *Venice Preserved* is a jumble of contradictions; but *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* are the idols of our hearts. Your best comedies are the worst on the side of morals. *Congreve* is as plain as *Petronius*; nay, he has a profligacy of his own, and there is in all his women something most execrably rank; but who relishes not *Congreve*'s salt? — There are, besides, frailties, passions which will bribe the heart in spite of their appendage of evils: where the blood judges, pain, horror, death will vanish in the dazzling light of pleasure: *Lothario*'s description of his night with *Calista*, destroys all other impressions of the fair *Impenitent*. The poët writes to please all; hence he will be cautious of applying caustics to the darling vices of the public; and from that alone his productions can never be of direct use. Slave-trade is legal, for we must have sugar. To this principle *Southern* sacrificed the laws of nature, conscience, and the truth he had set out with; nay, to authorise inhumanity, lodged in the very sufferer's mouth

Modesty to hold up her head, and prevent her sinking to shy timidity? How can

mouth a sentence which, but for its absurdity, must have branded our religion with the abhorrence of reason; "I must blush, says *Oroonoko*,

A whitely shame
 " To think, I could design to make those free
 " Who were by nature slaves; wretches design'd
 " To be their master's dogs —

To please, the poet must be extravagant, lest an individual should find himself stung, and kick. He must give an Englishman "his whore and "eafe, beef and a sea-coal-fire;" his miser and his prodigal, his beau and belle, his Frenchman, Sawney, or Irish tool, must be excrescences of nature; he must agree with you that a grain of salt atones for a shore of folly, and make a pin's head of honesty wide enough for a camel loaded with vice; in short, he must humour you.

What folly is it then to demand virtue of an entertainment, which would be ruined by giving it?

The benefit of the playhouse is wholly negative; 'tis a harmless entertainment in comparison with

can pure, native wit understand the sparkling of repartee, the double entendre, the phrase of yesterday, and the catechism of a footman or a whore? The language of luxury and elegance is nonsense in the ear of plainness and frugality, and neither *Terence* nor *Juvenal* + could have been intelligible to Rome's golden age.—

Perhaps

with those which the greatest number might pursue during the hours of a play. 'Tis better to see *Sir John Brute* than to act him in the streets; 'tis pleasure instead of debauchery. See *Lettre à Mr. d'Alembert*. *Oeuv.* t. iv. p. 117.

+ See Satire VI.—Suppose *Poppaea* at her toilet, with all her female veterans and pallid herds of Syrian and Greek *coiffures* around her, assembled to dress a head *à la Cleopatre*, which *Nero* shall examine. All the taste and refined luxury of Greece, all the perfumes, pastes, pomatum of the East, air, sea, earth, unite to adorn the coquette;—each eye is strained, each hand glows,

the

Perhaps you wil tell me, that this is not the case of the *Genevois*; that their corruption is certain, however it may be the second-hand corruption of a petty state; that numbers of them are grown too rich for the pleasures of innocence and simplicity; that they travel as clerks, merchants, artists, valets de chambre, officers, &c. and consequently when they return, return with suitable cargoes of vice and folly, pilfered from all climates.

You

the system rises, but see *Poppea* frowns.—*Psecas* has pull'd up a hair by the root—has misplaced a curl!—*Poppea* nodes, the slave is seized, stript, put to the torture, and with her shrieks entertains the tigress, who, to prolong her pains, falls to reading, writes a billet-doux, chooses patches, arraigns her robes, and at last inflicts punishment on the executioner for knowing so little of his art.

Such were the Roman ladies from *Nero* to *Domi-tian*: would the *Sabines*, *Lucretia* or *Virginia*, have understood such a scene?—

You may alledge their infamous and cowardly behaviour to our author, their neighbourhood with France, and *Pansophie* breathing infection at their very walls.—

And to all this I know no other reply, but that you are in the right, and Rousseau with regard to his countrymen, is in the wrong.—

C H A P.



C H A P. VI.

P O L I T I C K S.

THE ironies of *Machiavel* have been misunderstood *; the sophisms abominated in *Hobbes* have been set up for maxims in *Grotius* +; and *Puffendorff's*

* *Machiavel* wrote his *Prince* against the house of *Medicis*, the tyrants of his country. Satire was the only weapon left him after the dagger had been wrenched from his hands. His *Livy* and History of *Florence* prove his patriotism.

“ *Grotius*, the dictator of all the writers on political right, is a mere child, and what is “ worse,

dorff's concatenation of trifles has been preferred to *Montesquieu's* subsultory truths. ‡

Society, it seems, intoxicates.—What is certain, is, that true politicks are to a corrupted state what the physic of youth is to decrepitude. There is a point from which

“ worse, a child given to lying. When I hear
 “ him raised to the skies, and *Hobbes* execrated,
 “ I can judge of the sense of their readers. Their
 “ principles, in fact, are the same ; they differ
 “ only in expression and method. *Hobbes* is built
 “ on sophisms, and *Grotius* on poets ; in all the
 “ rest they agree.” *Emile*, IV. 374.

† All the questions relative to their positive rights of governments, have their full answer in *Montesquieu*. A matchless sagacity, the most consummate talents for observation, experience, reflection, were his ; but being a man of the world, —extremely dissipated, he wrote by starts, and with a total neglect of transitions. The connexion in his book on *Roman grandeur*, is less the work of the author than of the subject.

which no nation, if once arrived at, ever retrogrades. Where laws are only the curb of a public, the attempt of trans-fusing them into manners is folly ; and where force is the only check upon the conflict of social interests, the most subtle impostor is the best politician. Then you must change virtue to appearances, and give the pension of honesty to talent ; then you must apply emollients, palliatives, call in arts, luxury, commerce, and the phantom of private and national honour. By their glittering advantages and insidious charms, you must bribe or footh to slavery those you dread, dismem-ber the rabble, and seizing every oppor-tunity, throw out tubs to let their rage evaporate in harmless play. You must, like *Colbert*, feed the hungry with flowers, or with *Cato* repeat, “ Destroy Carthage !”

Of

Of this I make no other application than, that little can be learnt now from the Political Writings of Rousseau. The simplicity, the clear filiation of ideas in the *Contract Social*, must be confusion in our order of things; the discourse on Oeconomy in the State, * may be looked upon as superfluous; the *Projet de Paix* ‡ is the dream of a purblind schemer; the Letters from the Mountain have overturned Geneva, say those who call Liberty reclaiming her rights, rebellion; and even his friends must be

G content

* Discours sur l'Œconomie Politique, was first inserted in the Encyclopedie.

‡ Extrait du Projet de Paix perpetuelle de M. l'abbé de St. Pierre. " C'etoit la politique " du bon abbé de S. Pierre, de chercher toujours " un petit remede à chaque mal particulier, au lieu " de remonter à leur source commune, et de voir " qu'on ne les pouvoit guérir que tous à la fois." Emile, IV. 413.

content with applying to him what Ciceron said of the younger Cato : " He " does more harm than good ; for he " mistakes the dregs of Romulus, for " Plato's republic." —

If his principles were less primitive, their universality would obstruct their influence ; he writes for all, and what is every body's business, is, you know, no body's. —

C H A P.



C H A P. VII.

On F R E N C H M u s i c k. *

O F all the paradoxes hitherto reviewed, none has been opposed with more virulence than the Letter on French Musick; none has exposed its author to more scurrilous abuse, none involved him in greater dangers; yet all the attempts of the French fiddling and harmonick clubs to shelter their opera under the all-respected patronage of fashion, all their Babylonian commands,

G 2

“ at

* Lettre sur la Musique Francoise. “ *Sunt verba et voces, prætereaque nihil.*

“ at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp,
 “ sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all
 “ kinds of noise, prostrate to adore their
 “ brazen idol;” all their braying, I say,
 has not been able to make a proselyte of
 one foreign ear, among those myriads to
 whom in all other things, taste, elegance,
 knowledge, or pleasure, can convey their
 ideas in French sounds only.

Every nation may have their own musick, and start harmony from habit, where
 nature has refused it*. That deaf rattle
 of

* 'Twas the rage of Rousseau's antagonists to
 foam and slabber, without knowing what they
 were about. Some have even been beneath those
 who by musick mean nothing beyond harmonious
 sounds, whose sublime is mere execution. Castel,
 of all Loyola's cubs the most obstreperous, in his
*Lettres d'un Academicien de Bourdeaux sur le fond de la
 musique*, flounders in a mud of old saws, prejudices,
 digressions, &c. nor ever dreams of rising to the
 question. “ We make ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, with
 “ voice

of the Paris opera, whose dismal monotony invades your ear, whether the scene is amorous or martial, sighs complaints, or thunders anger, may tickle up the organ of a mousquetaire to an uncommon length; but upon you, or me, it will have the lulling effect of a restless mob under your window, or of a heavy sermon in a summer's afternoon: 'twill be silence audible: you will, like Achilles to the sea-beat

G 3

shore,

" voice instrumental and singing, with violin,
 " flute, drum; with cymbal, and trumpet; we
 " make it in melody, and in accords, accompani-
 " ing and accompanied.—It were a chimera in-
 " deed, what we have fed upon for so many ages,
 " we the best connoisseurs of all the dumb arts, if
 " musick, of all other arts the most loud, could
 " have escaped our ears.—More than two hun-
 " dred years ago, it has been said in a number of
 " German, Italian, and other books, that in mu-
 " sick, *Hispani latrant, Germani boant, Angli fibilant,*
 " *Itali caprisant, Galli cantant.*"

shore, repair to the royal academy of noise to enjoy a comfortable nap.

— In the same manner a Frenchman may find, that the war-musick of the Highlands, the amorous pastoral tune of the southern laddie, the stern strain of the Irish and Welch harp, and the melancholy pleasure of the Swiss cow-ballad—force his flood-gates, or scalp his skull.—As long therefore as we dispute on indeterminate words, on particular likings or dislikings—we build on sand.—

If a just imitation of the accents of heart and passions is the true principle of musick, * musick is universal as nature, may

* “ *Melody* determines the succession of sounds, “ *harmony* regulates their union, *measure* fixes their “ duration. What has the language to do with “ all this? You may compose very melodious “ songs,

may like its sisters Poetry and Painting, make impressions wherever humanity feels; but as the best language is that which most genially articulates what nature dictates, that is the best musick

G 4 which

“ songs, accompany them with the purest har-
“ mony, add the most precise measure, without
“ one word.—Deprived of words as it is, will
“ not that musick have a character, an expression ?
“ —will it not be true musick?”—*Apologie de la
Musique Fr. par l'abbé Laugier.*

" Musick, I said, is but an empty sound, made
" to flatter the ear, not to agitate the heart. The
" impression of sounds is mechanical and physi-
" cal; and why should I expect to be more for-
" cibly affected by a sweet harmony, than by a set
" of pleasing colours? I did not then perceive in
" the accents of melody, applied to those of the lan-
" guage, the powerful and secret tie of passions
" and sounds. I did not see that the imitation of
" the various tones with which sentiment ani-
" mates the voice, imparts to song the power of
" agitating the heart, and that it is the energetic
" picture of the actor's mind which charms the
" hearer." Nouv. Hel. i. Lettr. 48.

which is formed upon its tones ; whence it follows, that melody, (for harmony is only an accidental ornament) however attached to the passions in general, can be truly expressive only in proportion to the pathetic powers of a language ; that when the tongue is impotent, or fashion the organ of the heart, its expression is absolutely local, or to every incorrupted ear *full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.*

An ananas cannot spring from a potatoe-field, or a *Circassian* face from a *beer and frouw of Sardam* :—no more can true musick dwell in throats taught to croak, to hiss, to howl, to gasp, by an atmosphere drown'd in the phlegm of northern skies, nor perhaps be relished by a frog, a monkey, or an ass.—

Yet

Yet even those, however prejudiced in favour of their own organs, will always prefer harmony to the harshness of their neighbour ; even the heart of a tarantula vibrates with symphony. —

The Britons prefer Italian musick to that of all Europe, except their own ; the French, the Spaniards do the same, the Germans, have no other † ;—and as no party can decide in their own cause, all agree for all, that Italian musick is, from the nature of its language, and its own method, the best.

The same Abbé *Laugier*, who attempted to prove what was never questioned, that

† Mr. *Graun*, Allemand, passoit pour un Italien. *Hændel* etoit le *Lully* des Anglois. M. S. on Rousseau.

that his nation can make a noise of their own, and are the worse for it; and this chiefly by a motto calling those barbarians who despise their arts, just as the Pyrenean mountaineers laugh at a neck without a wen; this Abbé, I say, thinks it very hard the French should be denied a taste for musick, when they are allowed to excel in all other arts. Might I ask him what art he means? Is it painting? I believe it demonstrable, that from the days of *John Cousin* to ours, the bulk of the French have been absolute barbarians in painting. Take away *Poussin*, who could not live under the French sky, and may be considered as an Italian, with *Le Sueur* and *Le Brun*,—all the rest, their *Vouets*, *Lemoines*, *Mignards*, *Jouvenets*, *Coupels*, *Bouchers*, *Vanloos*, *Pierres*, *Restouts* in history, and their *Rigauds*, *Largillieres*, *Tocques*, in portrait-painting, have

have all held, and their disciples probably will hold, the eel of Science by the tail.—Is it sculpture? If giving a radiant polish to the marble, if to guide the chissel well,—is sculpture,—*Puget, Pigal, Adam*, and the “*Ons*” are great men.—Is it poetry? Their language never knew nature, and their verse dies without rhyme †. What is it then they excel in?—Dancing, and the great end which all their arts aspire to—Trifling.—

So much on the writings of Rousseau. It is difficult to draw his literary character, yet these seem to be its most striking outlines—He had a clearness and precision of ideas which furnished him with expressions of almost intuitive justness;

† Rousseau's imitation of the first part of *Metastasio's Nice*, surpasses the original even in harmony.

justness; he had not read so much as meditated; his talent was to reduce a book to one idea, to encompass the sphere of possibilities, and to compare them with existence. Master of nature's boldest strokes, and all its simplicity, he was luxuriant, yet modest, and true to virtue, though courted by the passions. His delicacy of mind was such, that he would immediately discover the most remote or disguised resemblance, or deviation of moral principles. Familiar with man in his different states, he knew his springs of activity, his rights, his strength, his foibles. He had besides, one peculiar advantage over the rest of those who call themselves wise, that, free of systems, partisans, and sects, he steered right onward, seized the good and the true with that strength and elegance of fancy, that effusion of sentiments which first forced him

to write†. Take all together, and you have an elegant and nervous writer, the purest moralist, the most penetrating politician—and a good man.—

Let us now see, whether an enquiry into his *conduct* will not deprive him of this last epithet.—

* Which might be proved to the “poor in spirit,” by the publication of the Letter to Mr. *de Lamoignon*.

C H A P.



C H A P. VIII.

HERE is, they say, a strange opposition between Rousseau's sentiments and conduct. What to think of —how to trust a man who reviles science in all its applications—yet at the same time wrenches his mouthful of bread from its hands!—He damns science, they continue, because it deviated into controversy ;—and he tears every day of his life to rags in quarrels!—He reviles the arts, because they are the tool of vice, debase the soul, enervate man; —and he supplies the fiddler with notes, the actress with enchantments and coquetry,

quetry, and adds to the sum of vile pleasure which the monarch, the rich, and the man in place usurp upon their duty—! He despises his cotemporaries for fricasséeing virtue and vice,—whilst he apologizes for drunkenness †, brutality, ‡—and writes romances, where it would be as difficult to distinguish the limits of virtue and vice—as it is in painting to hit the line of absolute correctness. §

Where

† The false are sober.—See Lettre à Mr. d'Alemb. & Nouv. Héloïse, passim.

‡ Do not frighten us so much with mere animal life ;—there is yet a worse than a savage's name ; 'twere better to resemble a goat, than a fallen angel. Rep. à Mr. Bord, t. i. 248.

§—*On m'affirme que la distance que tu y as mise entre le vice & la vertu est si petite, que nos peuples grossiers auroient peine à discerner les bornes.*—
Lettr. du Roi des Chéroquois.—*St. James's Evening, Nov. 14, 1766.*

Where demonstration is the question, personal invectives may be thought by some, the most absurd answers possible.—'Tis matter of indifference, whether Rousseau's conduct kept tune with his principles, provided he reason'd well.—But in fact, to make such strictures—is, to *let slip the dogs of satyre*—not on Rousseau, but on the age he lives in. †—

Mr. Voltaire, in one of his last deliriums *, ridicules it as madness—that it should rouse Rousseau's indignation to see him intoxicate Geneva with actresses, *coups de theatre*, and limbeck'd sentiments;—

† *Il est vray qu'on pourroit dire quelque jour : cet ennemi si déclaré des sciences et des arts, fit pourtant l'publia des pieces de Théâtre; et ce discours sera, je l'avoue, une satire très amère, non de moi, mais de mon siècle.*—Pref. de Narc. t. ii. 376.

* Lettre à Mr. Hume, 5.

ments—whilst the author of *Narcissus* had risked the damnation of that entertainment, and all the immoral consequences of his applauded *Devin*—at Paris.—

Rakes, bucks, bloods, beaux, connoisseurs, belles, flirts, quality, and mob of pleasure—heads lined with *Cotale's* and *Catalina's*—sons and daughters of metropolitan sentiments, and sophisticated nature—how often must your champions be arraigned for high treason against your sublime constitutions and privileges?—Can the reptile joys of a bee rival the lion's colossal pleasures?—Can Zug and Geneva toast with Paris and London?—

That which has made you bold, will make them drunk;
What gave you fire, will quench them!

H

Rousseau

Rousseau is blamed for his polemic turn.—I shall quote in answer, a M S of which now and then I have made some use.—“ The character of author is, in my eyes, not a very eminent one. “ *Kleinyogg* appears to me greater than “ *Eüler* *. How often have I repented “ of that impetuosity of nature, by “ which I was hurled into the midst of “ literary rage!—It exasperated my “ heart, broke in upon my peace of “ mind, happiness vanished in the noise. “ —I stopped—and rather preferred to “ be torn to tatters,—to be dragged in “ the mire of my adversaries—than to “ sacrifice to them my tranquility. Not “ a quarrel under Heaven has ever been quitted.

* *Kleinyogg*, a husbandman of the canton of Zuric—*Eüler* the calculator—

— a Basil man.

“ quitted by its parties, on conviction:—
“ to enter the lists costs nothing;—
“ but all to quit them.—Yet there
“ are cases where *honesty* itself speak: the
“ Letter to the Bishop of Paris is a per-
“ sonal defence, and every man is
“ obliged to defend his honour and his
“ conscience.—”

Some have had a pluck at his cap—
his furrs—drawers.—Good God! have ye
not been told he could not wear
breeches?—Besides, in this country,
where a man and his pig may look at
any thing—every foreigner should have
something about him to put you in mind
of your gaping privilege.———“ Li-
“ berty is the right of man ;—fear not
“ to stand alone, familiarise yourself
“ even with oddness—if your duty or
H 2
“ neces-

“ necessity call you up to both.—I do not
 “ follow the great number in little
 “ things, to accustom myself not to be
 “ their slave in great ones.”*

“ 'Tis with reluctance—but I *must*
 “ say it—this affectation of misery and
 “ extreme poverty, is only a mean but
 “ successful trick of Mr. Rousseau's
 “ quackery, to make himself an object of
 “ interest, and to excite the commisera-
 “ tion of the public.—”†

Confess, that notwithstanding its hu-
 mane delivery, this charge has a hang-
 ing look;—the mouth of an enemy could
 hardly have brought it more civilly.—

It was however known when it was
 brought, that Rousseau had refused the
 presents

* M S on R. † *Exposé*, 10.

presents of M^{me} de Pompadour, and whatever the ill-timed pride of those who employed him in copying music would have called generosity *— It was known that he refused a *real* pension from the King of Prussia, whilst he condescended to accept (whether directly or indirectly matters not) of 300 livres a year from his bookseller— Have we not his word for it, that his pen was courted by the Jansenists?—§ and what could he have wanted, had he submitted to its prostitution?—Is not Mr. Voltaire

H 3 witness

* *Tout doit étre payé ou gagné chez lui. Que le Roi de Prusse lui offrit une pension, ou que son libraire lui voulut faire une douceur, qu'un voisin lui envoie un plat de poisson ou que la Marquise lui fit un présent— tout cela lui est parfaitement égal—MS on R.—*
— There is extravagance for ye ! —

§ Pour n'avoir point voulu prendre la plume contre les Jésuites.—Lettr. à Beaum. Oeuv. t. vi.

witness that he refused his offers of an elegant retirement—because he would owe nothing to the enemy of his country?—* Did he not himself tell Mr. Hume, that he looked upon the endeavours of his providential parsimony, and all the ingenious tricks of his and his friends great minds—as useless—because his pocket was in no want of them?—? Does he not tell you, that he carried his bread over with him? †—How can he then with these marks of supercilious independence about him—be charged with the insinuating *beggarisms* of a crafty *pickheart*?—

But I understand;—'tis his expressions you cannot digest.—To call one's enemies—enemies—or one's bread—bread—is equally

* Lettr. à Mr. Hume, 6.

† Exposé, 56—

equally odious.--A man who plainly says, I write for bread --conveys the idea of garrets, rags, brats, hunger, and all the vermin of misery to the first floors of life.

—Custom and experience have indeed given their sanction to the vulgar acceptation of that phrase;--but the case before us is an absolute exception.—Is the labourer who shuts his door on opulence, suppose Virtue to guide his hand—an object of pity?—Was *Curius* to be commended to your commisération, because the Samnites stopped their noses at his onions and garlicks?—

—Besides,—the great number—the rabble if you will, cannot conceive reality beyond the gross outlines of conscience and honour.—The refined tale of moral sense is nonsense in their ear;—they with *Vespasian* enjoy the smell of chamb-

ber-pot taxes.—Go then and tell them—
 —you starve—because you scorn to intercept the purse destined for the palm of indigence; because you despise to creep, only to trample on; because you are too humane to beam in the hand of party-rage or cabal—Tell them so;—but thank your stars—if the grave and busy bring in their verdict—lunacy only;—if the politician and philosopher content themselves with damning you for a paradox-monger and sense-gelder;—if print-shops exhibit ye but for a savage;—and poets whisper you, that such fictions might have suited the days of beardless Jupiter, but now

Are somewhat late for being so primitive.—

If the letter written to Mr. *Clairaut* * concerning the *Musical Dictionary*, proves

* *Exposé*, 9.

proves Rousseau a quack, I can see no reason why it may not prove him likewise to be the beast which Daniel saw pull down the third part of Heaven's stars, the Roman republic—or any thing your dreams please.—The letter to Mr. *Chiraut* has the marks of intimacy—of friendly confidence—and, *in delicacy*, never ought to have been published.—

The subject is a private one. Rousseau was at Motiers.—The superstition of the people swelled to outrage by the malice of their Clergy, * sickness, the view of a dismal futurity, the fluctuation of various schemes—had made him very improper

* *Exposé*, 6. Their superstition broke out into formal persecution; it proved the axiom to be general which was, before Calvin, confined to the Roman Church only—that a priest is contagious—See the Letter concerning the Prof. of *Montmolin*—and *Du Peirou's Letters*.—

improper to provide for his present wants. — In these low-spirited moments he had recourse to an old performance of his ;—and without leisure or quiet of mind to give it the last finishing strokes himself, he applied to a friend who had officiated for him more than once— What affectation of quackery, I ask, is in all this? —

Twould be ridiculous to refute him who could pretend *such a* Letter to have been calculated for publication.—*Clairant* might easily have seen, that an abhorrence for obligations, whilst it was in his own power to relieve himself, had determined Rousseau to publish his book, however imperfect ; and no craft surely, could foresee Mr. Hume's future benevolence. —

Con-

Considering all which, a splenetic man would say,—“ that if it was not tearing “ the bosom of friendship—’twas highly “ indelicate to scatter—and to play with “ such a letter as that to Mr. *Clairaut* ;-- “ and that not he who owns the disease “ —but he who brags of curing—is the “ quack.”—

How little indeed Rousseau wanted to impose upon the public from that side, may be enforced by the following epistolary fragment. *

“ I must at present talk to you of my “ book-sellers—and I shall begin with “ Mr. P——. I know not whether my “ book sold at his shop or not, for every “ time I asked him how the sale went
 “ on,

* Oeuvr. t. ii. 329. Lettre écrite de Montmorency, 1759.

" on, he answered me, Pretty well; and
 " that was all I could get from him.--He
 " never gave me a shilling for my First
 " Discourse, nor ever made me the least
 " present, if I except a few copies for
 " my friends. I treated with him for
 " the music of the *Devin* on the footing
 " of 500 livres, half books, half money,
 " which he engaged himself to pay suc-
 " cessively:—he did not keep his word,
 " and I was obliged to run a long while
 " after my 250 livres.

" My Dutch bookseller I always have
 " found to be an exact, attentive, honest
 " man. I demanded 25 louis of him
 " for my Discourse on Inequality,
 " which he gave directly, and besides
 " that, presented my gouvernante with a
 " robe. I asked 30 louis for my Letter
 " to Mr. *D'Alembert*: he paid them on
 " the

“ the spot.—At that time he made
 “ neither to me nor her a present, nor
 “ was he obliged to do it ;—but he has
 “ given me a pleasure which I never re-
 “ ceived from the other, by freely de-
 “ claring, that he dealed to his advan-
 “ tage with me.—These, my friend, are
 “ facts ; and who speaks to the contrary,
 “ speaks not true.—

“ If those, who tax me with interested
 “ views, mean by that, that I should not
 “ be pleased to see myself deprived of
 “ the little I get,—they are right; and it
 “ is clear, that I cannot appear disin-
 “ terested in their eyes, unless I suffer
 “ myself to be starved. If they mean
 “ by it, that all resources are equally
 “ good for me—that, provided the mo-
 “ ney comes—I little trouble myself
 “ about the how—I believe them wrong.

“ —If

" —If I were less scrupulous about the
 " means of acquiring, losses would less
 " affect me. Robbers are spendthrifts ;
 " but to see the profits of my labour
 " given to the winds—cruelly distresses
 " me, because it costs me so much to re-
 " pair them ; and I must think it hard
 " to have not even the liberty of com-
 " plaints. The Public of Paris has
 " long since set up a J. James of his
 " own making, on whom his liberal
 " hand pours bounties unknown to the
 " J. James of *Montmorency*. Infirm and
 " sick three quarters of the year, I must
 " by the products of the fourth make
 " amends for all.—Those who eat the
 " bread of honesty, know its price, and
 " cannot wonder at a parsimony by
 " which I subsist." —

If the simplicity of this passage was
 not

not calculated for giving you an idea of
ease and elegance of life à la Pope—yet
it does not invade your bowels with the
misery of Otway.—'Tis still the *Salillum*,
the *leves malvae*, the *cicorea* of Horace.—

Read his ideal description * of the enjoy-
ment of riches, if so lean a word as de-
scription can come up to the luxuriance
of

* *Emile*, iii. 355.—“ You'll tell me that
“ such amusements may be had by every body ;
“ that to enjoy them it is not necessary to be
“ rich—and that's precisely what I wanted. We
“ *have* pleasure when we *will* have it ;—'tis op-
“ nion only that makes every thing difficult, and
“ tantalises us with happiness ; and it is a hun-
“ dred times easier to *be* happy, than to *seem* so.
“ The man of taste and real desires wants no
“ riches ; let him only be free, and master of him-
“ self—let him who has health and the necessa-
“ ries of life, tear from his heart the goods of
“ opinion—and he is rich enough :—'tis the gol-
“ den mediocrity of Horace : and ye, Fillpots,
“ employ your opulence for something else, to
“ pleasure it has no pretence —————.” Is
this a beggar's language ?

of nature in the Idyllium—read it and tell me, whether its flow of genial images, which sooths desire, and insinuates contentment to the mind, does not speak the serenity of the author's soul ?

But if Rousseau was above displaying self-created poverty—who denies, that he eternally enumerates the *stings and arrows of outrageous fortune*—wafts us in his *sea of troubles*—weds us to horror ? What's virtue if not a combat ? What's the philosopher without courage ?

I might simply answer, that Rousseau never boasted of having funk the man in the philosopher; that, provided we dare to be what is vulgarly called unhappy, for virtue's sake, it matters little whether or not a splenetic complaint gets now and then the better of our fortitude: but by such an answer I should no more do justice

justice to Rousseau's sensibility than those do to Epictetus's, who ascribe his contempt of pain to mere stoick pride. It has been shewn that poverty was no evil with Rousseau; and those who have had opportunities of conversing with him in his worst states of health, know, that he was superior to comfort *, and even to the

* Rousseau montre la Constance la plus eton-
nante dans des tourmens qu'il endure de la part
d'un mal inveteré, et revenant toujours à la charge.
Il n'a recours " qui à une bonne ptisane de pa-
" tience" tous les autres arts après des nom-
breuses experiences, lui ayant paru illusoires.
Mais l'homme n'étant point fait pour refléchir
dans un tems où tout derange & etourdit les or-
ganes de sa reflection, sa Constance dans les
tourmens ne prouve rien à ses yeux, si ce n'est
une imagination vivement ebranlée par la présence
de tels ou tels objets.—M S on Rousseau. Which
is to say, As the signs of outward sorrow vanish
in enormous grief, so the voice may be suffocated
by bodily pain, and the sufferer be numbed to
apparent tranquility.

soothing compassion of friendship. Pain was not the cloud which could cast a gloom over his spirit.—It was benevolence disappointed that threw him into agonies.—To be conscious that humanity was the constant spring of our actions ; to support a life of distress for others, for religion, and the rights of man ; to despise all other views, refuse all other rewards, hope for no other success !—and for this to be stigmatised, exiled, persecuted ; for this to be ranked with impostors, publick empoisoners, and all the abortions of crime !—to see all those that meddle with virtue in theory or practice united against you !—must not such a consequence shew human nature to you in those abominable shades from which the best of all ages shrank back—? Yet are the complaints

of

of Rousseau unsullied with clamorous abuse, revenge, or hatred;—they are the accents of pure woe, such as friendship utters over irreclaimable vice.—



C. H. A. P. IX. *

IT is clear that an utter ignorance of the private and public manners of the English was the first foundation of Rousseau's suspicions. He should have known that the *English* † have no compliments

* The writer of the two following chapters knows that their subject has been looked upon as a very fit one for ridicule ; but he is determined to give it all the importance of Elizabeth Canning's case, or of the D**** of M*****'s quart-bottle ; by the first of which the nature of evidence, as by the other that of enthusiasm, have been ascertained.

† “ I have no local attachments : it is indifferent

pliments for their friends;—hence the pretended neglect of salutations:—that they are extremely shy to address, or to enter into conversation with a foreigner, even if he speaks the language—that their shyness increases in proportion, if he does not;—hence many awkwardnesses of conduct, and the cold looks of his landladies:—He should have known that the public papers are the hobby-horse of the nation—whilst at the same time they are the bog of the public;—hence he should have laughed at their contents, equally insensible of their encomiums and scandal.—How could *he*, had it not been for his utter ignorance of English

I 3 customs,

" ferent to me, whether a man was rocked in
" his cradle on this side or that side of the
" Tweed. —Detested be national reflections !
" —They are unjust, groundless, illiberal, un-
" manly." —Mr. P** on the S. A.

customs, how could *he* ever have ventured to build his fame and character—on *corruption*?—on a *cancer*?—for such, news-papers might perhaps be demonstrated to be for England—together with all magazines—if it is true, that the nations which are really free—those characters that are most virtuous— or of real literary merit—scorn to promulgate what they enjoy, leave licence to such as can *only cry* for liberty, and tattle to parrots encaged, and cooped-up magpies.

From the same dark ignorance it came—that when Rousseau could suspect Mr. *Hume* of a blow—he was weak enough to imagine it was struck in papers and magazines—once more—as if *they* could have conveyed prejudices and contempt for *him*, to his *readers*!

The

The only stroke attempted, and even that indirectly, is at the head of the preface to their contest. Those that alone are intitled to judge of the contests of genius and virtue, scorn all tinsel ornaments, and claim the right of seeing their object naked.—Their laws are those of the Areopagus. No advocate, no assistant is suffered—for their endeavours—*their eloquence can only throw suspicion on what they attempt to clear of it.* Hence I believe that those pappy commendations of Mr. Hume—“*his love for peace, his sweetness and simplicity of manners, his uprightness, his candour and goodness, and the characteristic modesty of his writings,*” + at the head of a

I 4

work

+ Avertissement, p. 3. Des moeurs douces et simples, beaucoup de droiture, de candeur & de bonté ; et la moderation de son caractère se peint dans ses écrits.—

work compiled by him, were looked upon as so many impertinences of the publisher, as the dotage of some monkey-friend that hugs his whelp into suffocation—; and that Mr. Hume himself despises them almost down to the notes of his translator; and perhaps, till it was too late, was as ignorant of them as the hand of honesty is of a bribe.—

If this was not the case, I would propose to have these compliments weighed with the bold draughts upon posterity, and the statue-schemes of his late friend, —to find by how many ounces of *modesty* they outweigh them.—

But let us go on: To this ignorance of English manners in retail, that pusillanimity perhaps too is owing, which is betrayed by his, “ What have I done to

“ to Lord Littleton * ? what to Mr. “ Walpole? Why have I an enemy in “ England? why are my enemies Mr. “ Hume’s friends ?” Hence the apprehensions of being slain in puny battle—so childishly mean in that most intrepid of mortals—in the man, who with such superior contempt can look down on the two harlequin letters of *Voltaire*—more dreadful, however, than all he could fear from those of the King of Prussia or the Cherokee-chief, if he was afraid of being on ill terms with the million.

’Tis not out of the way to trace here that turkey-rage of the Count of *Tournay* ‡ against *J. J. Rousseau*, to its origin.

—Some

* *Exposé*, 90.—

‡ *A. Maria Arouet de Voltaire—Comte de Tournay, Gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du Roi.*

—Some ascribe it to that very name, which, they say, does him still the service of a red cloak or a hiss* ;—and others lay it to the charge of “ Man’s quadrupedism” asserted, as they pretend, in the Treatise on Inequality, which he espoused as his own cause, and treated as a scandalous libel against a gentleman in ordinary to the King.—

That they were on terms of friendship and mutual esteem once, may be presumed from several passages of Rousseau’s, expatiating on his poetic talents, in the Discourse on the Sciences, and the Letter to Mr. *d’Alembert*. But to allow *Arouet* poetry only—is too haughty an homage done to that universal genius, which, in spite of nature, he has so long
bustled

* You may have heard of J. Baptist Rousseau, the poet.

bustled for. To ingratiate yourself with him, you must as well dream of having encountered him on Newton's, Tacitus', and Plato's road, as of having seen him dead-drunk from Hippocrene, jostle Sophocles and Shakespear. Then perhaps he may now and then condescend to say something very pretty of ye, till you are rude enough to display superior parts—and to cut down a harvest which he meant for his own scythe.—

From such an impertinent refusal of vassalage, Rousseau, 'tis most likely, forfeited his favour.—I would have you to know that *Arouet* believes in God;—and to give the due praise of disinterestedness and generosity to his faith—believes in God, though he has proved that *his* God is the Devil,—

One of the liberal treatises in which he set forth that comfortable and philosophic principle, is his poem on the disaster of Lisbon: he thought, a man who had enough experienced what we call the devil in this world—could not but embrace his opinion ;—and he therefore took care of sending it to Rousseau—by way of anodyne.

But Rousseau did not think that success on the stage could authorize a player to dethrone God.—He in his answer treated him with that pity he deserved—and gave him plainly to understand, that a chamberpot cannot arraign its maker.—

There is in that admirable letter a serenity of mind, a force of argument, a spirit, ease, and elegance of expression, which range

range it with the masterpieces of humanity. The parallel between him and *Arouet*, it serves my purpose to translate here:

“ And here, sir, I cannot help taking notice of a very singular opposition between you and me, with regard to the motive of this letter. Cloyed with fame, undeceived by the vanity of grandeur, you repose on the bosom of fortune.—Sure of immortality, you reason at your ease on the nature of the soul; and whether your body or heart suffers, Tronchin is your physician and your friend †; — and yet evil is all you find on this earth: whilst I, obscure, poor, and irrecoverably sick, meditate with pleasure in my

† Tronchin the Juggler.—*Exposé*, p. 67.

“ my retirement, and find that whatever
 “ is, is good. Whence these seeming
 “ contradictions? You have explained
 “ it yourself.—You enjoy—I hope—
 “ and hope embellishes all.” §

This was too glaring a truth to be ever forgiven; from that instant he was dignified with the titles of enemy of mankind, and melancholy fool.—Julia became a cinder-wench, and Emilius a joiner; the fiddlers were sent after him under the very petticoats of * Madem. D*****; and tho' the Count had not power enough to persecute him in his own country—he calumniated, he defamed

§ See in the collection of Letters to and from *Voltaire*, his Letter on *Graffet*, the Bookseller, to *Haller*, and the Answer.

* Gentle Reader, I cannot dirty my fingers with an explanatory note; you must take my word for it.

famed him ;—and that nobody might doubt the fact, he ordered the author of the *Pucelle* to deny it.—

Thus was he splashing about him, when Rousseau, to divert himself a moment from the graver subjects of his Letters from the Mountain, took new notice of his old acquaintance, and stroking him a little in Lucian's manner, made him harangue his flock of Geneva thus: †

“ Gentlemen,

† Lettre de la Mont. 1. V. p. 297. There was a time when Geneva was detested by the Count like its Apostle ; to whom he introduces you (Pucelle, c. v.) as he is boiling in an infernal cauldron, and then goes on thus :

A son regard farouche, atrabilaire,
On connoissoit de l'orgueilleux sectaire
Le mauvais coeur, l'esprit intolérant,
L'ame jalouse & digne d'un tyran.
Tout en cuisant il sembloit être encore
Dans sa cité, qu'un galant homme abhorre
Et que redoute un esprit dégagé
Des contes vieux & du sot préjugé.—

" Gentlemen, 'tis not the reasoners
 " who do mischief, 'tis the hypocrites.
 " Let philosophy talk away — the peo-
 " ple either does not hear it, or lets it
 " talk, and despises it as heartily as he
 " is despised by it. Of all human fol-
 " lies, reasoning is the most harmless ;
 " 'tis sometimes the hobby-horse of
 " the good and wise. 'Tis true, I reason
 " not—but there can be no harm if
 " others do.—Look for instance at such,
 " and such, and such a book;—do they
 " contain nothing but jokes ? Even I,
 " if I reason not, do something more to
 " the purpose;—I make my readers rea-
 " son for me.—There is now my chapter
 " on the Jews, and the same chapter il-
 " lustrated in the Sermon of the 50;—is
 " not that reasoning, or its equivalent ?
 " Confess—they contain but few ambi-
 " guities,

“ guities, and something more than ran-
 “ dom strokes or pleasantry.

“ A word in your ear. If my great
 “ credit at court, and that pretended
 “ omnipotence of mine, screen ye for li-
 “ censing the funny flutters of my old
 “ age to run in peace amongst ye—’tis
 “ going out of your depth to burn
 “ graver writings.

“ How have not I preached tolera-
 “ tion ! To be sure—who cries for it in
 “ others, should have some small relish
 “ of it himself.—That poor fellow be-
 “ lieves in God—Pass that—he won’t
 “ make a fecht; he is tiresome,—’tis the
 “ blind side of all reasoners. He shall
 “ not be of our suppers—that’s enough.
 “ If you would burn all tiresome books,
 “ what would become of the libraries ?
 “ If you burn all tiresome fellows,—the

“ whole country will be a bonfire. Believe me, let those reason who let us joke.—Burn neither folks nor books— and be quiet—so say I.”

The hand of revenge strikes not thus. Why would *Arouet*, the son of toleration, the jolliest bottle that ever gurgled on the ocean of being—why would not he take it as a charitable hint towards consistence between his actions and faith ? 'Twas certainly his interest—infinitely more his interest than to feast on the *bones* of Manicheism.—'Twould have looked somewhat like a man to despise that last abortion of a snuff-burnt fancy—and turn at once the trusty champion and loyal knight of GOD-CHANCE.—

But by Pan ! instead of taking the joke--he fell into convulsions ;--he lusted to have an *Italian* kick at the Secretary of

of the Embassy at *Venice*—(a kick he always seems to have been fond of) †—. But like the Iroquois lady brought to bed by the hot whim of sucking the bladder of a Huron, * then roasting, he in the very attempt was delivered of twins. †

The children being of unnatural size—as they burst into life—forced his soul out of the door, through which, as we are informed, § that of a poor sick husband was once compelled to retreat, by his devil's of a wife feating herself on his mouth.—

K 2 C H A P.

† See his Letter to *Baillon*, Intendant of Lyons ; of which he commends the bearer for his submission to kicks—the only quality perhaps which could reconcile a Jew to him. See also Dict. Port.—Amour, &c.

* See Lebeau's *Canada*.

† Le Docteur Panophe & Lettre à Mr. Hume.

§ See *Aretin's Ragionamenti* on front and back doors, b. i. g. II.



C H A P. X.

TO his ignorance—But as we are now conversing with ignorance—what shall we do to rescue his secretaryship at Venice? Nothing at all—*.

To

* In the year 1743, I saw at Venice a method of fortune telling rather new, and more extraordinary than that of Préneste. He who wanted to consult it, entered a room, and staid there, quite alone if he chose it.—Out of a book of blank leaves in that room, he took which leaf he pleased;—and holding it in his hand he made his question, not loud but inwardly—then folded his leaf, wrapped it up—sealed it, and put it in a book—upon which he repeated certain queer formulas, without ever losing sight of his book—took the paper out, examined the seal, and found his answer written.—The magician, who thus could read your

To his ignorance of English habits and manners—I think a temper suspicious (however honest)—may be given as the second cause of a conduct seemingly unaccountable.

We all know, that after his opera-prologue he began the tragedy with *Emile*, torn and burnt because it was declared to contain the detestable dogmas of the religion of nature by the parliament, and those of irreligion and downright atheism—by the bishop of Paris.—The author escaped the horrors of *force* to repose in a country—which he had honoured, defended, instructed.—He was forbid

K 3 it.

your heart, was first secretary of the French ambassador—his name J. J. Rousseau. Let. de la Mont. iii. 136.

it.—He was expelled Switzerland†—and even the king of Prussia could hardly disentangle him from the claws of Calvin's crew.—He was forced to take sanctuary among those whose principle is, *not* to tolerate from the rage of those who can have no religion *without* toleration.—And at Strasbourg he determined to put an end to all his vexations, and to throw himself into the extended arms of the only country of common sense and liberty.—

If you throw a glance at him in that period of his life, you will find him
happy

† The Roman Cantons are the stews of civil anarchy and church-slavery—Lucern only excepted, which inclines to aristocracy.—There is liberty only among the Protestant.—But Berne has modelled her's upon the lion on St. Mark's place at Venice—and Zurich threatens to kick the beam.—

happy—whether the ruling principle of his character be vanity or virtue.—

Was it vanity?—He enjoyed all its triumphs: his lot was cast when he commenced author—Fame was to atone for the loss of quiet, ease, friendship, and all the bliss confined to life's more sequestered states.—Persecution—distress—had been his theatre;—he was himself alone, his self-consequence was satisfied.—He saw an unnatural mother-country despised and punished for her lawless and dastardly conduct,—and philosophic opulence opened the most flattering prospects to his future days.

Was it virtue?—He felt all thy silent joys, Conscience! He had sealed his adoration for truth with his life—he had fulfilled all the duties of a citizen—and in quitting his country had stabbed

the tyrant that made it unworthy of him.

—He was consecrated to the heart of the good ; —and whatever prejudice, envy, or cabal, had asserted of his parts, his name had preserved all its primitive purity.

But this purity of name was what involved him in misfortunes yet unexperienced, and made a character problematic, which had been exerted to gain the confidence of mankind. Persuaded that his enemies would last with his life, and only change the weapons he had foiled for better ones ; —that those who could not level him to their talents would attempt to debase him to their principles ; —and that his name was *now* the only assailable thing about him —which he could not hope to see attacked by fair or discoverable means ; —he, exhausted,

ed, and unequal to the visionary task, grew anxiously suspicious of the world around him, and suffering the prudence of virtue to be swallowed by pusillanimous scrupulosity, made it a duty to be for ever on the alarm,—to lie on the torture of a restless fancy—to fear all in order to ward all.—Thus creating monsters of his own—he sunk under his own blows, and betrayed himself, to exchange for the *baseless fabric of a vision*, the solid merit of generosity and gratitude.*

Such

* J'y trouve avec toute la prudence de la vertu les scrupules d'une ame craintive qui se fait un devoir de s'epouvanter, et croit qu'il faut tout craindre pour se garantir de tout. Cette extreme timidite a son danger ainsi qu'une confiance excessive. En nous montrant sans cesse des monstres ou il n'y en a point, elle nous epuise a combattre des chimeres, & a force de nous effaroucher sans sujet, elle nous tient moins en garde contre les perils veritables, et nous les laisse moins discerner.—

Ou veux tu fuit? le phantom est dans ton coeur!

Nouv. Hel. iv. 200,

Such sensibility some may call *pride*—and give *jealousy* or *envy*, if they will, for the cause of his rupture with Mr. Hume. They may alledge, that for the man who was not ashamed to say, that if there were in Europe one government of common sense or honesty, the author of *Emile* would have had statues erected to him—for the man who centers all human importance in himself—that for a soul so ferociously Roman, every rival of fame is a Carthaginian—and every obligation of benevolence a red-hot coal.—

The author of *Emile* may be forgiven, or condemned with *Horace*.† But I can-
not

* *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*—was pronounced by the same muse that owned herself frightened at the cataracts of Pindar.—If it has not been said, I do not repeat it—Modesty has been mistaken for pride—The bluntest characters

not yet see from what motive of jealousy (for envy I cannot think a proper term here) or rivalship he could have refused the services of Mr. Hume?—Without either skill or inclination to cast them in a critical balance, I allow that difference of language does not bar emulation from those that write for mankind.—But if it did work upon Rousseau, why did it begin so late? Was Mr. Hume of less literary or moral fame when he offered his friendship, and when it was accepted with such transports? If the one was a witness of his patron's credit in England, was not the other the same of his client's in France?—In a word, was it not to Mr. Hume's very importance in his own country he trusted himself?—Let us then

rafters are not the proudest, nor those the lewdest who call things by their names.—

then hear no more of jealousy and literary pride.

If, besides the causes given, there was yet another co-operating—'twas the difference of their tempers and principles.

Virtue indeed is independent of modes and whims, illocal, simple, unalterable: but not so those who call themselves its votaries—if not the slaves, at least influenced by temper, education, prejudices, talents, life.—Some feel it, some deduct it from reason—Of some it accompanies, of others it guides the life—Some want it in full dress, some plain.—*Aristippus* admires it at *Alexander's* table, *Archimedes* runs naked after it through the streets—*Socrates* practises, *Plato* teaches it—Some clothe it with mortality; others, with *Ulysses*, find its phantom only among the Cimmerians.—It floats on motives, interests, circumstances, characters, errors—Mis-
construed,

construed, misapplied, it often founders on chance, trifles, whims, fashion.—There is a blackguard, and there is a genteel virtue.—Some can have its dignity, others its honesty only;—most cannot have it at all.

—What wonder, if in that eternal rotation of accidents, its effects are at best but desultory—and its real presence often escapes your eyes—?

Thus, from experience I look'd on the general practice of virtue—and from its very beginning augured but indifferently of the duration of Mr Hume's and Rousseau's intimacy.—Than them the elements never framed two more different characters.—Their disparity is such, that they could continue friends —from the poles only.

The one, warm—of genial organs, but much too irritably strung—apt to receive and to make sudden impressions
—senti-

—sentimental: with a fancy ever on the wing, and yet a head fitted to trace the flow of things to their source—hence melancholy: impatient of constraint—hence to indiscretion the slave of what truths he discovered, or seemed to discover: to excess fond of independence—hence incapable of affairs, with all the talents, and unfit for connexions, with all the qualities for them:—a man in the theory, a child in the practice of life.—

The other, c——.

But why draw characters? If Rousseau was a knave, he was a fool.

Let me repeat here what a man who knew him said, with regard to his quarrels, * *Rousseau may be played upon, abused,*

‡ *Rousseau sera joué, abusé, peut se tromper, peut*

ed, may be mistaken, wrongheaded, but will never be directly carried away to evil. If he was wrong in his quarrel with Mr. Hume, and I believe he was, he was so on self-demonstration—On conclusions never to be shaken, grant the premises:—and those being unquestionably clear to him, all the rest of his behaviour was great and disinterested.— There are letters of his at Paris, in which he mentions Mr. Hume without emotion, slander, or indignation: “ *I am told Mr. Hume calls me a vile scoundrel* †; *I should be one if I knew how to answer such a title.*”—

I have heard him damned for being offered a pension, and damned for refusing

peut avoir de l'humeur, mais sera jamais porté directement au mal.—MS. on R.

† *Une vile canaille.*—Let. MS.

fusing it.—The last, to be sure, was quite in the *Armenian taste.*—

He is a man, setting his fault aside,
 Of comely virtues— ;
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
 An honour in him which buys out his fault ;
 But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe—
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

T H E E N D.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Throughout the book, the quotations from Rousseau's works, refer the reader to the edition in xvi. vol. in 8vo. Neufchatel, 1764, &c.

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